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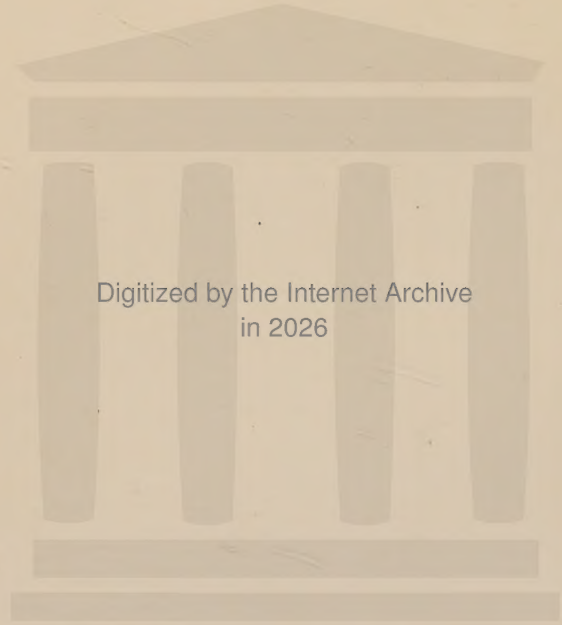

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IN SHAKSPERE'S ENGLAND

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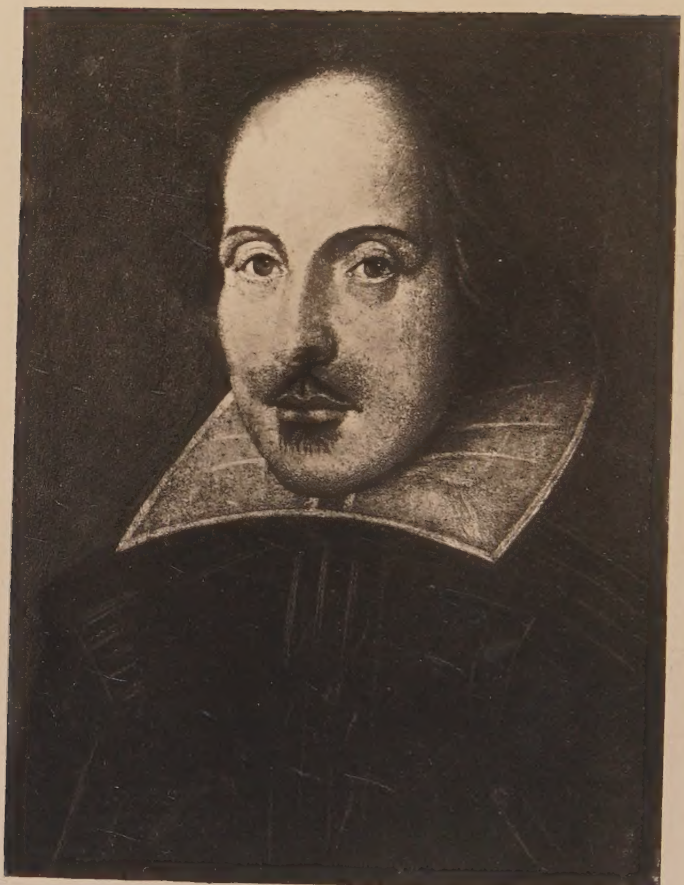

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William Shakspere.

from the Droeshout Original Portrait of Shakspere
at the Shakspere Memorial, Stratford-on-Avon.

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IN SHAKSPERE'S ENGLAND

BY

MRS. FREDERICK BOAS

AUTHOR OF "ENGLISH HISTORY FOR CHILDREN"

London

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TO

MY FATHER

SIDNEY JAMES OWEN

IN MEMORY OF MY

EARLIEST HISTORICAL TRAINING

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ELIZABETA D. G. ANGLIÆ. FRANCIÆ. HIBERNIÆ. ET VERGINIÆ
REGINA CHRISTIANAE FIDEI VNICVM PROPVGNACVLVM.

Immortalis honos Regum, cui non [illegible]
Ille prior veniens nec fert illa [illegible],
Sospite quo nunquam terras [illegible]
Desiret alma Quies, [illegible]

Quis ipse tantum [illegible] omnia regna,
Quantum tu maior Regibus es reliquis,
Vnde [illegible] felix [illegible] in moderamine regni,
Dum [illegible] Rex Regum cœlica regnâ paret.

IN SHAKSPERE'S ENGLAND

CHAPTER I

QUEEN ELIZABETH

THE England of Shakspere was the England of Elizabeth, and though in the great dramatist we have one whose genius has never been repeated, it is round the figure of the Queen that the life and literature of the time revolves.

She was Spenser's Faery Queene, she was Raleigh's Gracious Lady, she was the centre of the Court where Leicester and Essex played their part: she shared the work of Burghley, Parker, and Gresham.

Probably no woman, since the world began, had ever so difficult a part to play, or played it with such complete success; throughout her life she held her people's heart, and she lives in history as one of the ablest rulers England has ever known: we must study her character and her life, if we would gain any idea of the England of Shakspere's day.

"The child that is born on the Sabbath Day,
Is merry and bonny and wise and gay,"

so runs the old rhyme, and it was on a Sunday, the 17th of September 1533, at Greenwich Palace, that the little Princess made her entry into a world where she had need of all her Sunday attributes. Motherless at three years old, and worse than fatherless, hers was indeed a tragic childhood.

First came her welcome, hardly less enthusiastic outwardly than if she had been the much-longed for son, and her gorgeous christening as a babe of four days old, in the then standing church of the Grey Friars at Greenwich.

The magnificent ceremony which attended the rite of baptism was well fitted to the after-life of Elizabeth, to whom all pageants were dear, and in whose reign they played so large a part.

Could anything have been more appropriate to the future of the great Queen than the stately procession which heralded her christening?

First marched citizens, two by two, then aldermen, and my Lord Mayor, all clad in their civic robes of office; following them came a gallant array of peers and prelates, and then, bearing the gold-covered basin, walked the Earl of Essex, a fitting figure in this first public appearance of

Elizabeth, as his later namesake was to be the chief favourite of her declining years.

The royal babe, wrapped in a mantle of purple velvet, was carried in the arms of her great-grandmother, the Dowager-Duchess of Norfolk, and her long ermine-trimmed train was borne by the Countess of Kent, and the Earls of Wiltshire and Derby.

At the door of the church she was welcomed by the chief clergy of the land, and was carried to the centre of the church, where stood a silver font beneath a gold-fringed canopy, and there she was baptized by the Bishop of London.

Then onwards, to the altar, moved the stately procession, and the babe was there solemnly confirmed by Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, according to the ritual of the Catholic Church; and the proclamation, above her head, of Garter-King-at-Arms, might well sound forth as a prophecy, "God, of His infinite goodness, send a properous life and long, to the high and mighty Princess of England, Elizabeth."

Such was her first public greeting by her future subjects, and what could be more appropriate to her after-life than this opening scene of crimson and gold, of costly gifts, and obsequious courtiers?

But the rapid changes, to which the members of Henry VIII.'s Court were forced to accustom themselves, affected the tiny Princess before her babyhood was well over.

She was but three years old when her ill-fated mother, Anne Boleyn, was condemned to death upon the scaffold, leaving her daughter a heritage of vanity even greater than that which had cost her own life.

Elizabeth's childhood was marked by many changes. Her position was naturally somewhat affected by the attitude towards her of her constantly varying stepmothers: gentle Lady Jane Seymour only lived a few months after the birth of her son Edward; between Elizabeth and Anne of Cleves there existed kindly relations throughout their lives; while Katherine Howard, the third lady within four years who filled the position of stepmother to the young Princess, was related to her own mother, Anne Boleyn, and so treated Elizabeth with marked courtesy and consideration during the two years that she retained the favour of her fickle husband.

With her father's last wife, Katherine Parr, Elizabeth was on friendly terms until some time after the king's death, when the unwise conduct, and boisterous behaviour, of Admiral Seymour,

Katherine's second husband, led to a breach between the royal ladies.

The early governesses of the orphan Princess were Lady Byran and Mrs. Ashley, and later she was entrusted to the care of the wise and pious Lady Tyrwhitt, to whose faithful and affectionate training her character owed much of its development.

As a girl she occupied various royal residences, Hunsdone, Hatfield, and others ; and at times she had the companionship of her elder sister Mary, and of her brother Edward, her junior by four years ; with him her studies were largely carried on, under the instruction of the most learned men of the day.

Her intellectual ability was above that of most women ; she had the love of knowledge, and the ease in acquiring it, more often seen in a man's mind than in a woman's ; and her powers of observation and diplomacy were early trained by the stormy and uncertain atmosphere of the three Courts which preceded her own ; while the quick clear wit, and logical powers which she inherited from her father and grandfather were of the utmost service to her throughout her life ; and, indeed, had much to do with the preservation of that life during the reign of her sister Mary.

To the shadowed childhood of Elizabeth, the circumstances of which afforded her so much leisure for the pursuit of all branches of knowledge, the ladies of her time owed much ; for she set an example in womanly cultivation which was followed by many, so that it was a common thing for any lady at her Court to be able to converse in three languages.

She was, herself, both learned and accomplished ; under Roger Ascham she had studied Livy, Cicero, and Sophocles, and her Latin exercises, with their characteristically firm handwriting, are still to be seen in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, together with her letters in the same language to her brother, for whom she had a strong affection. She spoke Latin fluently, as well as French and Italian, and was skilled in music and dancing, and in fine needlework—the last evidently at an early age, as the Royal Letters of the time mention her gift to Prince Edward, on his second birthday, of a cambric shirt, worked by her own hands.

She also shared the theological studies so dear to her precocious brother, though her views must always have differed widely from his on matters of religion. He and his elder sister Mary were

fanatics, while Henry VIII. and Elizabeth always regarded the Church more or less from a political point of view.

Her early training had given the young Princess the art of avoiding dangerous subjects, and extricating herself from difficult situations, and of this art she had need throughout her life, and never more so than during the five years of her sister's reign. Owing to the religious difference between them, there was at one time a strong desire on the part of Queen Mary's advisers to get rid of Elizabeth, as they had already done of the unfortunate Lady Jane Grey, and so to lessen the chances of England passing into the power of the New Religion ; and the fact that this scheme was not carried out was due partly to Mary's sense of sisterly duty and affection, but even more to Elizabeth's own conduct. However difficult the part she had to play, she played it always with the same ready wit and dexterity which yet none could call hypocrisy, and with the absolute fearlessness inherent in her Tudor race.

Whether it were in her studious life at Hatfield, under the care of Lady Tyrwhitt, and the tutelage of Roger Ascham, where, clad in Puritan simplicity, she devoted her time to such studies as befitted a maiden of royal rank ; or when, sum-

moned post-haste to London by the Queen, to answer the charge of being concerned in Wyatt's rebellion, she was borne in a litter through the streets, robed in white, and pale with recent illness; or, while waiting for her trial, she employed her time in penning letters of loyalty and affection to her sister; or even when, on Palm Sunday, she entered the Tower by the dreaded Traitors' Gate, with the high-souled words, "Here landeth as true a subject, being prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs, and before Thee, O God, I speak it, having none other friend but Thee alone," she was always the same, strong, clear-headed, self-sufficient, and she showed in each crisis her power of gaining that which she held all through her own reign, and in which, like the flowing locks of the Nazarite of old, her great strength lay, the heart of the English people.

Her position of danger and difficulty, and her escape from them, is well summed up in a couplet said to have been scratched by her with a diamond on a window-pane in Woodstock Manor, while she was living there under the severe charge of Sir Henry Bedingfield—

> "Much suspected by me;
> Nothing proved can be,
> Quoth Elizabeth, prisoner."

The five years of Mary's reign ran their course in ever-deepening gloom and disappointment, and the end came fitly in the dreariest month of the year.

On the 17th of November 1558, the pious, weary-hearted Queen laid down the burden of life, which had never been to her anything but grievous, and in disquiet and uncertainty began the reign which was to change the state of England, and to be remembered as one of the greatest and most prosperous times our country has ever known.

Bishop Godwin thus speaks of the general feeling at the period of Mary's death: "The rich were fearful, the wise careful, the honestly-disposed doubtful; the discontented and desperate were joyful, wishing for strife as the door for plunder."

But the rich, the wise, and the doubtful, as well as those who were desperate and discontented, were all soon to find themselves united by common aims and common sympathies, beneath the rule of such able ministers as Elizabeth, from the first, knew how to choose, and how to keep.

No Court of English monarch has ever been adorned by so many great figures, and we must dwell on them separately if we would catch—even for a moment—the spirit of that mighty age.

Raleigh, with his visionary gaze fixed always beyond the sea ; Bacon, yearning to bring men's minds to the full knowledge of his New Philosophy ; Spenser, touched by the fairy grace of his own creation ; and Sidney, the Galahad of that noble band ; there, too, was the great Lord Burghley, her faithful minister for more than forty years ; there were the rugged figures of the Seamen, and such courtly favourites as Leicester and Essex.

And in their midst stands Elizabeth, always alone, in the stately isolation best suited to her imperious nature, which could never brook the sharing of her power with a husband.

She is described by contemporary writers as of middle-height, graceful, and of regal bearing, with a fair complexion, a hooked nose, hazel eyes, and a broad forehead crowned with masses of fair reddish hair; her hands were small, and, like those of Queen Victoria, beautifully shaped, and she lost no opportunity of displaying them ; her bearing was like her father's, and so was her manner, cheery and hearty when pleased, and violent when angry, distributing cuffs and caresses equally among her favourites, according to her temper at the moment, and possessed of a vanity even greater than that which had proved to fatal to her unhappy mother.

Gallantry, under Elizabeth, became a profession; her Court was filled with young men of noble and gentle birth, in whom promise of any kind usually met with recognition; thither they came, and there they were retained, to bask in the somewhat capricious smiles of the Virgin Queen, who loved to have all men at her feet, and who exacted from her courtiers a lover-like demeanour, and a fictitious personal devotion even to the year of her death at the age of seventy-two.

But, in spite of this weaker side to her nature, Elizabeth was the true daughter of Henry VIII., and to no man was she prepared to yield "the half of her kingdom"; where policy came in, her affections could always be made to draw back, her heart was never allowed to govern her head.

Nowhere is she better described than in the words which Sir Walter Scott puts into the mouth of the Earl of Leicester: "I think God, when He gave her the heart of a woman, gave her the head of a man to control its follies. . . . She will accept love-tokens,—ay, and answer them too,—push gallantry to the very verge where it becomes exchange of affection,—but she writes *nil ultra* to all which is to follow, and would not barter one iota of her supreme power for all the alphabet of both Cupid and Hymen."

Her early life had not been such as to encourage or develop natural affections; bereft of her mother by her father's command, imprisoned, and almost condemned to death by her sister, and continually separated from all those for whom she cared, repression of her feelings must have become a habit. Then had come her first, and perhaps her deepest, love-affair, that with Admiral Seymour, who wooed her in a somewhat boisterous fashion when she was only sixteen years old. But the trouble which this attachment and Seymour's ambition brought about, her own danger and disgrace, and the Admiral's death upon the block, gave her such a terrible warning against royal ladies indulging in private affections, that she seemed to take the lesson to heart for life.

The best beloved among her Court favourites was, without doubt, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, and she seemed at one time intent on making him her husband.

He was the son of the Duke of Northumberland, and brother of the unfortunate Guildford Dudley, whose fate as Prince-Consort might well have deterred Robert from seeking the same position.

Robert was a man of unusual personal beauty, tall and graceful, with finely-cut features, and keen dark eyes, and skilled in all knightly accom-

Walker & Cockerell

ROBERT DUDLEY, EARL OF LEICESTER

plishments of the time; but he was entirely wanting in true nobility of mind, he was arrogant, self-seeking, and lacking in sincerity, and he would have made but a sorry Prince-Consort had Elizabeth ever raised him to the position for which he longed: saving that, she showed him every mark of royal favour.

He was constantly beside her at the feasts and pageants which she loved, when she indulged in her favourite sports of hunting or hawking, or was rowed in her barge from London to the palace at Greenwich where she had been born, and which she always favoured as a residence.

But even from Leicester she would allow no act of presumption; when he had interfered with a royal usher, so as to gain admittance for one of his followers into her presence, her rebuke, in spite of her affection for him, was sharp and significant.

"My lord," she said, "I have wished you well, but my favour is not so locked up for you that others shall not partake thereof; for I have many servants, to whom I have, and will at my pleasure bequeath my favour, and likewise resume the same; and if you think to rule here, I will take a course to see you forthcoming. I will have but one mistress, and no master."

But vain, haughty, and unscrupulous as he was, Robert Dudley kept the Queen's affection to the day of his death, which took place fifteen years before her own ; their birthday was said to have been the same.

Though Dudley had her affection, Elizabeth carried on, for political purposes, negotiations of marriage with foreign princes ; but into their experiences, while engaged in the difficult process of wooing the Virgin Queen, we need not enter.

Besides these royal suitors, her Court was filled with her "Royal Pensioners," young men of gentle birth, who basked in the somewhat variable light of her smiles, and used her favour as much as possible to their own advantage ; they were always ready to offer the adoring homage which she exacted, and their influence, based on anything but moral worth, often greatly interfered with the counsels of her more serious advisers.

One of the methods by which Elizabeth increased her popularity, and also saved her private purse, was her habit of making royal progresses through different parts of her kingdom, being always the guest of some highly-favoured noble, who had the privilege of providing the most costly series of entertainments in her honour.

At none of these visits was she treated with

more regal splendour than during the three weeks, in 1575, that she spent at Kenilworth Castle, as the guest of the Earl of Leicester.

Into all the festivities was introduced the element of personal devotion and admiration which Elizabeth so dearly loved. The Earl himself, at the head of a noble retinue, met and escorted her to the castle-gate ; there she was received by a giant porter, who, in halting speech, declared his intention of guarding the entrance with his club against all comers. But, on seeing the Queen, his attitude changed, he flung his weapon away, and himself on his knees before her, and presented to her his keys of office.

Then, as the party advanced to the moat, they beheld a floating island, whereon stood a lovely maiden clothed in silk, and decked with golden bracelets on her bare wrists and ankles ; attended by two nymphs she knelt before the Queen, and told her tale in the somewhat lengthy verse of the period. She had been Lady of the Lake, she said, ever since the great days of King Arthur, and in her crystal palace she had nursed the gallant Sir Lancelot ; and there she had dwelt unmoved while Saxons, Normans, Mountforts, and Plantagenets had each in their turn inhabited

the castle; but now, at last, one had come to the gates before whose fame and beauty she too must bow; and so she had risen from her home beneath the water to do homage to the Peerless Queen.

And the same story was told throughout the castle and the grounds: whether in the decorations, beautiful or grotesque, in the music, or in the speeches, sometimes in Latin and sometimes in English, everywhere was expressed the same boundless admiration for the person, the character, and the wisdom of Elizabeth.

When she rode in the park, a Wild Man of the Woods met her, and flinging himself at her feet, declared that the mere sight of so fair a vision, made him willing at once to renounce his savage way of life.

When a pleasure-party rowed upon the lake, the very fishes were made to sound her praise on various musical instruments, with Arion, on his dolphin, at their head; and so magnificent were the fireworks displayed in her honour, that Robert Laneham writes, "The heavens thundered, the waters surged, and the earth shook; and for my part, hardy as I am, it made me vengeably afraid."

Such was the form of entertainment which Elizabeth approved, and serious was the expense

it involved upon the nobleman with whom she might elect to stay during one of these royal progresses; for, besides having no option in the matter of receiving her, he rarely had more than a few days' notice of her coming, and so was often in great straits as to the needful preparations.

In this way she travelled, in the course of her reign, throughout a large part of England, and many are the interesting records that remain in town and country of these various royal journeys.

On her visit to Norwich a characteristic incident took place, which showed her well-known love of money.

At the entrance of the town she was welcomed by the mayor, in a carefully prepared Latin speech, and he ended it by presenting her with a silver cup filled with gold pieces; "Sunt hic centum libræ puri auri," said the mayor, and the Queen, before making any recognition of the welcoming oration, took off the cover and looked eagerly inside, then handed the cup to a servant, saying with a smile, "Look to it; there is a hundred pound."

In August 1564 she visited Cambridge, and two years later, in the same month, she went to Oxford, and at both her Universities she was re-

ceived and entertained in a thoroughly academical manner.

At Cambridge the master of King's College, as Public Orator, greeted her in a Latin speech of three quarters of an hour, delivered upon his knees. At his excessive praise of her virtues, the Queen bit her fingers, and shook her head, exclaiming, "Non est veritas," but when he went on to praise virginity, she cried out, "God's blessing on thy heart, there continue."

On Sunday she attended the service in King's College Chapel, and was escorted thither by four doctors of divinity, who held a canopy of state above her head.

She praised the Latin sermon; she conversed in that language with young scholars in the colleges and streets, seeming to enjoy the exercise of her mental powers; and we are told that, among her many criticisms of University matters, was a highly unfavourable one upon the ragged and soiled condition of many of the academical gowns and hoods. Could her spirit walk again the streets of Oxford and Cambridge, she would doubtless see good reason for a repetition of her words!

She bade farewell to Cambridge in a well-prepared Latin oration, though feigning maiden

modesty and want of preparation, she answered the enthusiastic applause with which her words were greeted, by wishing that her hearer "had drank of Lethe."

Two years later she entered Oxford, by way of Woodstock and Wolvercote, and at the latter village she was met by Leicester, who was Chancellor of the University, and a learned band of doctors of divinity in their scarlet robes. She listened with interest to the speech of the Public Orator, but when Dr. Humphreys, the great Puritan leader drew near, she greeted him with the famous words, "Mr. Doctor, that loose gown becomes you mighty well; I wonder your notions should be so narrow."

Among other entertainments provided for her in Oxford, was a play called "Palamon and Arcite," by Richard Edwards, enacted in Christ Church Hall, and in which the heroine was clad in robes lent for the occasion, which had belonged to the late Queen Mary.

The heroine's part was played by a lad of fourteen, whose good looks so pleased Elizabeth that she bestowed upon him the sum of eight pounds. The borrowed robe was of purple velvet, with a satin ground, and seemed to have suffered somewhat from its academical use, as it was re-

turned to the wardrobe officials with a valuable portion missing!

In St. Mary's Church the Queen heard learned disputations; and there she was greatly displeased with a certain Dr. Westphaling, who spoke at such length that her own oration was obliged to be postponed until the next day; even though—with manners more regal than academic—she sent a messenger to bid him, "make an end of his discourse without delay."

She spent a week in Oxford, and made her final farewell to the University in a Greek oration, receiving as a parting present six fine pairs of gloves for her own use, and others for members of her household.

She had a passion for receiving presents, and her courtiers and ladies constantly made her offerings of gold and silver jewelry, and garments wonderfully embroidered in silk and lace. Her love of dress, and of elaborate toilettes, seemed to grow with her years; no material could be too rich, no jewels too precious, with which to deck her person, and she never allowed herself to be seen, even by her intimate friends, except elaborately attired.

Her pictures are well known; she usually appears in them attired in the close-fitting headdress of the time, surmounted by a mass of jewels,

the lace ruffle, stiffened until it adds an unnatural width to the shoulders, and a dress as rich and rare as skill can produce, and of which probably she possessed a greater number than any woman who has ever lived.

Such was Elizabeth, a grand human figure, with the grandeur of one who recognised from the first her part in life, and played it successfully to the end ; and yet human in the yearning for love and admiration which seemed to grow with her years.

Her lonely isolation weighed increasingly upon her, until it reached its pathetic end in the death-bed scene, in March 1603.

"Robin, I am not well," she said to her kinsman Sir Robert Carey, who found her stretched among cushions on the floor of her chamber.

There were none to watch with clinging affection round the bed to which at last they carried her, so sorely against her will ; and though her faithful ministers and loyal friends, her ladies-in-waiting, and the good Archbishop of Canterbury, all did their part in aiding her to make ready for that last great royal progress, still they were all far from her in race and station ; and in the early dawn of that chill March morning, alone, as she had lived, the spirit of the mighty Queen Elizabeth passed to its rest.

CHAPTER II

COUNTRY LIFE

DURING the reign of Elizabeth, English social life underwent an entire change. Men ceased to live in the stormy atmosphere of political intrigue or religious controversy to which they had become accustomed ; peace and prosperity settled down on the land, and the beginnings were established of that comfortable country life throughout England which endures to our own day.

The country gentleman, freed from the duty of spending himself and his substance in warfare either political or religious, could now live on his own land, and turn his attention to the improvement of his property, and the greater comfort of himself and his family.

Houses could now be built more with a view to convenience, than to fortification, and so there arose many stately homes which still bear record to the style of Elizabethan architecture. The ordinary houses of the country gentlemen were still built usually of wood, of two storeys, thatched

with straw or slate, and with the modern glass window taking the place of the horn or lattice of earlier days. But some people were beginning already to have their houses "wrought of bricke or hard stone, with roomes large and comelie, and houses of office further distant from their lodgings."

Men were beginning also to understand more what comfort and cleanliness meant inside their houses. Carpets were now constantly used, and rich hangings, as well as good feather beds and pillows, instead of the dirty rushes renewed perhaps but once a year, the straw pallet and "good round log" which formerly did duty as a pillow. Meals were beginning to be served upon fine table linen, and in glass and pewter vessels, with silver plate and silver spoons; while knives and forks generally took the place of the more primitive fingers! In the houses of the rich drinks were served in goblets, jugs, and bowls of silver or Venetian glass, while the less wealthy drank from earthern pots sometimes ornamented in silver; these were not set on the table, but each man called for "such drinke as him listeth to have: so that when he hath tasted of it, he delivered the cup againe to some one of the standers by, who making it cleane [by pouring out the drinke that remaineth] restoreth it to the

cupbord." From which it is evident that the method of "washing up" was still in a primitive state. That the difficulty as to breakages existed even then is plain when we hear that the glass in household use all goes "one waie, that is to shards at the last," and that "our great expenses in glasses breed much strife toward such as have the charge of them."

Men usually took two meals in the day, dinner and supper; the nobles and gentlefolk dined at eleven and supped at five, the merchants dined at noon and supped at six, and the agricultural classes dined at twelve, but did not sup till seven or eight o'clock.

The tables of all but the poorest seem to have been well filled, and foreign visitors at the time marvelled to see what Englishmen did eat. Fish, fowl, and meat, prepared in the houses of noblemen by cooks who are, for the most part "musicall-headed Frenchmen and strangers," not only beef and mutton, but red and fallow deer, pork and veal, with kid and conie, and various kinds of foreign game.

They baked their meat with suet, or roasted it and basted it with sweet or salt butter, and their cooks were famous for the brawn which they made, and served constantly as a first course at

dinner. This was so essentially an English dish, and unknown on the Continent, that we are told of a Catholic gentleman of France to whom was sent the gift of a cask of brawn made from the tame boar, and who "supposing it to be fish, reserved it till Lent, at which time he did eat thereof with very great frugalitie."

Of wheaten bread there were three kinds, of which the best was called manchet, and this was chiefly eaten by the richer folk, while, owing to the high price of corn, the poor had to be content to make bread out of rye, barley, beans, oats, or acorns.

The vegetables they used were the same as ours, and doubtless the French cooks, "musicall-headed" though they were, did something towards the improvement in their preparation and cooking. In kitchen gardens, we are told, were grown all kinds of cabbage, with leeks, onions, peas—or peason as the plural was then—beans, artichokes, turnips, radishes, lettuces, and beets, with garlic, endive, rue, and all manner of herbs which were used both in cooking, and still more in the manufacture of home-made physic. Rhubarb, for instance, seems only to have been used at that time as a medicine, and as *that* very largely.

The following quaint rhymes of the time,

translated from the Latin, show how much certain plants were valued for their supposed efficacy against disease or poison :—

> "Garlick, Rue, Peares, and Radish also,
> With Nuts likewise and Treacle,
> A sov'reigne medcine to us do show,
> Against deadly poyson an obstacle."

> "Sage and with it herbe of Grace or Rue,
> Make drinks both safe and sound for you."

Here is a lotion wherewith to bathe weak eyes :—

> "And better with greene Fennell juice, and of a cocke the gall,
> And honie, if the juice thereof alike be put of all,
> And with it oft the patients eies annointing suffer shall."

And the following, relating to rue, ascribes a high standard of intelligence to the Elizabethan weezel :—

> "And Weezels teach it can withstand strong poysons spite,
> Which when they are about with serpents blacke to fight,
> In wondrous sort do first of all, Rue nibble eat and bite."

Of fruit there had always been plenty in England, though, at this time, many of the orchards of Kent were turned into the hop-gardens they still remain, for the improvement of the beer which was the chief drink of the country.

Grapes they cultivated more at that time than we do now, and they were fond of flavouring their dishes with berries of different kinds.

Of the berry of the pimpernel rose we are told "the fruit when it is ripe maketh most pleasant meats and banketting dishes, as Tartes and such like: the making whereof I commit to the cunning Cooke, and the teeth to eate them in the rich man's mouth."

And the root of the wild rose was said to be "a singular remedie (found out by oracle) against the biting of a mad dog."

English drinks were nearly as varied then as in our own day. They had wine, both foreign and home-grown, and beer, of which the contemporary traveller Hentzner writes, "The general drink is beer, which is prepared from barley, and is excellently well tasted, but strong, and what soon fuddles." There were many home-made beverages too, such as cider, perrie, and mead; the last seemed a favourite drink in some parts of the country, though its description hardly sounds "tasty" in modern ears! "There is a kind of swish-swash made also in Essex, and divers other places, with honicombs and water, which the countrie wives, putting some pepper and a little other spice among, call mead."

Such were the various materials from which the great banquets of the time were constructed, and such was the household food, day by day, of Queen Elizabeth and her subjects.

Besides the cultivation of fruit and vegetables, and even flowers for the sake of provisions, there were beautiful pleasure gardens belonging to large and small country houses, where flowers were grown in great profusion, both for beauty and for medicinal purposes.

The rose, the lily, and the iris, or flower-de-luce, as it was then called, were cultivated in very many varieties, and the "jacint" or hyacinth had lately been imported from the East. Many of the beautiful delicate garden poppies, so fashionable of late years in our own gardens, were growing then, and tended then as now by the ladies of the household; double scarlet and double purple, as well as double black and white, and besides these, many forms of the single and much more elegant variety, of which we find mention made of both black and white. They also grew the various orchids, of which fourteen kinds are illustrated in a "Herbal of the Time" by Gerard, who was for more than twenty years head gardener to Lord Burghley. Of tulips he says, "Tulipa groweth wilde in Thracia, Cappadocia, Italie; in Bizantia about Constantinople, at Tripolis and Alepo in Syria, from whence I have received plants for my garden, and likewise Master *Garth*, a worshipfull gentleman, and Master James Garret, apothecarie

also for their gardens, where they flourish and increase, as in their owne native countrey."

The land was rich then, as now, in private parks, where the great men of the day kept their herds of deer, and did not hesitate to sell their venison ; while even well-born country ladies were not above making a profit on their butter and other dairy produce.

The countryman, of whatever rank, was then as now proud of his horses, and of his home-grown live-stock, his cattle, sheep, and pigs, while dogs of all kinds formed a part of most households.

There were the "dogs of the homelie kind, shepheards curs or mastiffes, so common that it needeth not to speak of them," and the dogs trained to bait bears and bulls, "and oftentimes they traine them up in fighting and wrestling with a man (having for the safegard of his life either a pike staffe, club, sword, privie coate) whereby they become the more fierce and cruell unto strangers." There were the game-dogs, too, the land-spaniels and water-spaniels, and the tiny toy Maltese dogs, which were the petted playthings of many ladies of the time, who would "keepe companie withall in their chambers, and nourish with meat at boord."

The dress of the time is not easy to describe, as

the fashions varied, then as now, from year to year, and were borrowed from other countries, chiefly France and Spain. The Queen's intense love of dress influenced the Court, and through it the rest of the land ; so that men and women alike thought nothing too costly or too extravagant for the adornment of their persons. And this love of change and extravagance is nowhere better illustrated, than in a quaint old woodcut of the time,[1] showing a gentleman in the state of nature, with a pair of colossal scissors in one hand, and a piece of cloth in the other, endeavouring to make up his mind after what style to fashion his suit. And his supposed utterance is no less charmingly characteristic of the time :—

> " I am an English man, and naked I stand here,
> Musing in my mynde what rayment I shal were ;
> For now I wyll were thys, and now I wyl were that ;
> Now I wyl were I cannot tel what.
> All new fashyons be pleasant to me ;
> I wyl have them, whether I thryve or thee."

As the chronicler tells us, Andrew Boorde endeavoured to write of " our attire," but that " when he saw what a difficult peece of worke he had taken in hand, he gave over his travell, and onelie drue the picture of a naked man, unto whome he gave a paire of sheares in the one hand, and a peece of

[1] In Andrew Boorde's " Introduction and Dyetary."

cloth in the other, to the end he should shape his apparell after such fashion as himselfe liked, sith he could find no kind of garment that could please him anie while togither; and this he called an Englishman."

Elizabeth, of course, is famous for the number and magnificence of her dresses, of which she left over three thousand in her wardrobes at her death, and from her pictures we are familiar with their elaborate and costly make.

During her reign the close-fitting tight-sleeved dresses which had been worn by English women gradually gave place to far more elaborate and expensive attire. The dresses came to be worn over hoops, and padded and stuffed so that they could stand alone, and the consequent width of the skirt was almost equalled by the size of the Spanish ruffe round the neck; this was made of fine lawn or lace, laid on wire, and stiffened by the lately invented *starch*, which the Puritans called "the Devil's liquor."

Instead of the close-fitting round cap of earlier days, the hair was now worn in the most extravagant fashions. Curled, frizzled, and puffed; decorated with jewels, gold, and other ornaments, and even "propped by forks and wire."

The dress of men was also more costly than at

any other time, if one may take as a specimen the attire in which Sir Walter Scott describes the Earl of Leicester receiving Elizabeth at Kenilworth: "The favourite earl was now apparelled all in white, his shoes being of white velvet; his understocks (or stockings) of knit silk; his upper stocks of white velvet, lined with cloth of silver, which was shown at the slashed part of the middle thigh; his doublet of cloth of silver, the close jerkin of white velvet, embroidered with silver and seed-pearl, his girdle and the scabbard of his sword of white velvet with golden buckles; his poniard and sword hilted and mounted with gold; and over all a rich loose robe of white satin, with a border of golden embroidery a foot in breadth."

On ordinary occasions men wore short coats, trunk hose, padded as stiffly as the ladies' dresses, worked stockings, boots with long pointed toes, and cloaks of some rich material, usually lined with silk or velvet, while their heads were covered with many shaped hats, of silk, cloth, or velvet.

Of the elegance of the ladies' toilettes a good idea may be gained by studying the various New Year's gifts which the Queen accepted from her friends and the ladies of her household: "A night-coif of cambric cut work and spangles, with forehead-cloth and a night border of cut work, edged with bone-

lace ;" this bone-lace was made of various coloured silks, intertwined with gold and silver thread.

Handkerchiefs, too, were offered of "black Spanish work," and "Handkerchiefs of cambric edged with passament"—is this the passementerie of our own day ?—"of gold and silver." "A night-rail," or night-dress, "of cambric, worked all over with black silk," and from Sir Philip Sidney a "smock made of cambric, the sleeves and collar wrought with black silk work, and edged with a small bone-lace of gold and silver, and a suite of ruffs of cut work, flourished with gold and silver, and set with spangles containing four ounces of gold ;" while Sir Francis Drake presented her with, "A fan of feathers, white and red, enamelled with a half-moon of mother-o'-pearl, within that a half-moon garnished with sparks of diamonds and a few seed pearls on the one side, having her Majesty's picture within it, and on the reverse a device with a crow over it."

The women of the day, according to a German traveller, "dress in splendid stuffs, and many a one wears three cloth gowns or petticoats, one over the other. They go dressed out," he says, "in exceedingly fine clothes, and give all their attention to their ruffs and stuffs, . . . and many a one does not hesitate to wear velvet in the street." This is

perhaps the somewhat prejudiced view which a foreign gentleman might take of the expenditure of ladies abroad, but it gives us a good picture of an Elizabethan lady to match the white-velvet clad Earl of Leicester.

Along with the greater comfort in every-day life, and the increased care and magnificence shown in dress, the pleasures and amusements of all classes seem to have steadily advanced, and, freed in a great measure as the country was from civil dissension or foreign invasion, it fitly merited in Shakspere's time the title of "Merrie England."

Hunting and hawking were favourite pastimes, in which both men and women took part; bear-baiting also and bull-baiting were popular, and the rearing of dogs for the purpose a matter of pride with some men. Dancing was a favourite amusement, and there were many out-of-door fêtes and entertainments, at which regular dances were performed and pageants acted, such as the Morris dancers, Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and some of the Morality and Miracle Plays. In the country the Church festivals of Christmas, Easter, Candlemas, and the like were celebrated with quaint old pageants, full of mystic meaning, which drew together the countryside, and gave

a feeling of common interest to all classes who witnessed them.

The May Queen, and in a few parts of England the Mummers, are all that the Puritan reformers have left us of these picturesque and old-world fêtes, and we have instead to endure the inartistic and unedifying commemoration which takes place on each 5th of November!

Here is a pretty and homelike description of a Berkshire Harvest-home; "As we were returning to our inn we happened to meet some country people *celebrating their Harvest-home;* their last load of corn they crown with flowers, having besides an image richly dressed, by which, perhaps, they would signify Ceres; this they keep moving about, while men and women, men and maid servants, riding through the streets in the cart, shout as loud as they can till they arrive at the barn."

And another traveller gives a delightful account of the pleasant entertainment provided both for man and beast at the country inn of the time, "even in a very poore village."

"The World," he says, "affoords not such Innes as England hath, either for good and cheape entertainment after the Guests owne pleasure, or for humble attendance on pas-

sengers." One can fancy the scene as he draws it. "As sone as a passenger comes to an Inne, the servants run to him, and one takes his horse and walkes him till he be cold, then rubs him and gives him meate, yet I must say that they are not much to be trusted in this last point, without the eye of the Master or his servant to oversee them. Another servant gives the passenger his private chamber, and kindles his fier; the third puls of his bootes, and makes them cleane. Then the Host or Hostesse visit him; and if he will eate with the Host, or at a common table with others, his meale will cost him sixe pence, or in some places but foure pence (yet this course is less honourable, and not used by Gentlemen); but if he will eate in his chamber, he commands what meate he will, according to his appetite, and as much as he thinkes fit for him and his company, yea, the Kitchin is open to him, to command the meat to be dressed as he best likes; and when he sits at Table, the Host or Hostesse will accompany him, or, if they have many Guests, will at least visit him, taking it for curtesie to be bid to sit downe; while he eates, if he have company especially, he shall be offred musicke, which he may freely take or refuse; and if he

be solitary, the musitians will give him the good day with musicke in the morning. It is the custome, and no way disgracefull, to set up part of supper for his breakfast. In the evening, or in the morning after breakfast, . . . he shall have a reckoning in writing, and if it seeme unreasonable, the Host will satisfie him either for the due price, or by abating part, especially if the servant deceive him any way, which one of experience will soone find."

This seems to show a country-inn life quite equal in comfort to that of our own day, and with a host more ready than now to "abate" part of the "reckoning in writing," and "to set up part of supper for breakfast!"

The women seem to have had a pleasant and easy life at that time; the Queen had set a high standard of chivalrous behaviour, which had, no doubt, its effect throughout the land.

Women were no longer mere household drudges, or kept in strict seclusion, as they still were in Spain. "They go to market," writes a Dutch traveller in England, "to buy what they like best to eat. They are well dressed, and fond of taking it easy. . . . In all banquets and feasts they are shown the greatest honour. . . . The rest of their time they employ in walking and riding, in playing

at cards or otherwise, in visiting their equals (whom they term gossips), and making merry with them at christenings, churchings, and funerals."

And of the men the same traveller writes, "They excell in dancing and music, for they are active and lively. . . . Hawking is the general sport of the gentry. They are more polite in eating than the French, devouring less bread, but more meat, which they roast to perfection. They put a great deal of sugar in their drink. Their beds are covered with tapestry, even those of farmers. . . . They are powerful in the field, successful against their enemies, impatient of anything like slavery ; vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as the firing of cannon, drums, and the ringing of bells. . . . If they see a foreigner very well made, or particularly handsome, they will say, '*It is a pity he is not an Englishman.*'"

The irony of the last touch is delightful.

Travelling from place to place in England was still a matter of difficulty, and of some danger. Journeys were usually made on horseback, though coaches and carriages were beginning to be employed by the more luxurious and wealthy. All men, even the clergy, still carried arms when

they went abroad, pistols, swords, or short daggers, and they frequently had need of them.

The new Poor Laws, of which we speak elsewhere, had done much to diminish the bands of sturdy beggars who, until lately, had infested the land; but, though fewer in number, they still existed, wandering about the country, the forerunners of the "tramp" of our own day; a class who prefers to beg rather than work, and whom probably even the most ideal Poor Laws will never quite succeed in merging into the Working Classes.

Such was country life in England at the time of Shakspere; prosperous, cheery, unrefined, full of new industries and new interests, due partly to that New World just opening to English view; and at the same time bearing so strong a likeness to the country life of our own day, that we can almost fancy ourselves sitting with the Great Man himself before the little timbered house in the village street at Stratford, enjoying a drink of "the beer that fuddles" from the unwashed silver jug!

CHAPTER III

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM AND THE MERCHANT LIFE OF LONDON

THE chief figure of commercial London during the earlier years of Shakspere was Sir Thomas Gresham, who was in turn financial agent to all the three children of Henry VIII. He was the second son of Sir Richard Gresham, who had been Lord Mayor of London, and he was born in London about the year 1519.

His father had been wealthy, and Thomas received a good education, going to Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, after leaving school, and subsequently becoming a student at Gray's Inn.

But what was of far greater importance to him than such studies as he took part in at Gray's Inn, was the apprenticeship which he served on leaving Cambridge, to his uncle, Sir John Gresham, who was in partnership with his father as financial agent to the Government.

Young Thomas Gresham seemed a man well

Walker & Cockerell

SIR THOMAS GRESHAM

suited by his natural abilities to succeed in commercial matters, especially in an age when the standard of business morality was not lofty. He was shrewd, quick-witted, self-reliant, and persevering; he saw his opportunity, as did others in different spheres of life, in that golden age of promise, and he was capable of seizing the chances offered him, and developing them to their fullest extent.

As agent to the Crown of England in the Netherlands, for some years of his life Gresham lived in Antwerp during the greater part of each year, and the energy and devotion he showed in the carrying out of his business, both in London and Antwerp, could not be better witnessed to in the eyes of most people, than by the fact that during the first two years in which he was carrying on his work he made the passage of the English Channel forty times.

Lord Burghley, Elizabeth's minister, was a friend of Gresham's, and this largely increased the power of his position after the Queen's accession. He had, by that time, a fine house of his own in the Long New Street of Antwerp, where he seems to have entertained both his friends and his business clients in royal style. All money, at that time, must be multiplied by eight, to give its relative

value in our own day, and £26 at *that* time was Gresham's entry in his expenses for one of his banquets in Antwerp, given to the creditors of the Crown, and of which banquet a large picture was painted.

It was to Gresham that a great deal of the credit is due of the restoring the then debased coinage in the time of Elizabeth ; this was a difficult matter to carry out, and had to be done slowly, but it did more than anything else to raise the standard of English trade, especially abroad.

Gresham was Financial Agent to Elizabeth, as he had been to her brother and sister, and in 1559 she knighted him on account of his valuable services. His business was to negotiate loans for the Crown, and also to arrange for the export from the Netherlands to England of certain goods, especially arms and ammunition, of which the Queen had great need at one time of her reign.

We are told that he also brought over for his friends such foreign delicacies as salt-tongues and Bologna sausages ; and also for the Queen herself such a suitable offering as "rollers for her head-gear." Gresham's salary was at the rate of £1 a day, together with large allowances for expenses, the rent of his house in Antwerp, and payment for four clerks to assist him in his work. Besides

this, his profit from the loans he negotiated was enormous, and, in some cases at least, not come by in the most scrupulous manner. His power of seeing at once what conduct to pursue under any circumstances was what gave him his unique position; the Crown trusted him, and he proved himself valuable as a servant of the Crown, and trustworthy up to a certain point, but he did not allow himself to be put in the wrong, even by his political superiors.

Such proved to be the case in 1574, when Gresham produced his accounts for the last eleven years before the Treasury, and found the huge sums which he represented as owing to himself questioned in every detail. After much comparing of items on either side, Gresham was declared to be £18,149, 1s. 9½d. to the bad. He reduced this deficit to £1400, by boldly claiming extravagant allowances on various items. These the Treasury refused to grant.

But Gresham was a diplomatist, as well as a financier. He hied him to the official auditor, whom he found about to start on a holiday—and who does not know the compliant frame of mind of any one in that position? From him he got a duplicate of his official account, his papers being all in the keeping of the auditor, and when that

gentleman had started on his trip, Gresham caused a footnote to be added to the document, giving him the further expenses which the Treasury had refused to grant.

With this in his pocket he set off for Kenilworth, where the Queen was being royally entertained by the best-beloved of her many admirers. And again, what more favourable opportunity could be chosen for asking grace of a lady? The moment was well judged, the all-powerful Leicester was on his side, and in consideration of his former services his accounts were passed, and he returned to London triumphant.

His employment of his wealth is perhaps a more edifying theme than the acquisition of it. His name will ever be held in honour among all London city magnates as that of the Founder of the Royal Exchange. His father, Sir Richard, had planned such a building, but, as was the case with another and a greater building, and an earlier father and son, the father conceived the plan, but left the fulfilment thereof to the son.

Until this time the merchants of London had stood in the open streets while transacting their business, and matters must have been somewhat difficult to arrange amid the general

traffic and disturbance of Cornhill and Lombard Street!

On the 7th of June, 1566, Gresham laid the foundation-stone of the new Bourse, and by November 1567 it was covered with slate, and shortly afterwards completed; it was opened for the use of merchants at the end of the year 1568.

This first Exchange was destroyed by the great Fire of London in 1666, but several contemporary engravings of it still remain. It was built of brick, with an open court surrounded by a covered colonnade, where the merchants might walk while doing their business. This piazza was supported by marble pillars, and on the first storey were one hundred small shops, from the rents of which the cost of the building was to be gradually repaid: such was the "frugal mind" of the city benefactor. Beside the south entrance was a square tower, from which a bell rang at midday and at six o'clock, summoning the merchants to their meetings. On that tower, and on the lofty one at the north gate, were emblazoned Gresham's crest of a grasshopper, and a statue of him stood below in the covered walk.

On January 23, 1570, Queen Elizabeth made one of her royal progresses through the city, and

dined with Sir Thomas Gresham at his house in Bishopsgate Street. Can we not see again the diplomatic nature of the Bourse's founder, which induced him, before that visit, to seek for keepers of the hitherto unpopular and largely untenanted shops on the upper storey of his Exchange, and by offers of reduced rent, and personal persuasion, to "compel them to come in"?

But the end—as was usual with Gresham—was achieved; the Queen saw what she dearly loved, an imposing structure, apparently in a most flourishing condition, the shops richly furnished with the finest wares of the city (by Gresham's arrangement), and she was struck by the sight, just as he had intended her to be, "and caused the same burse by an herralde and a trompet to be proclaimed the Royal Exchange, and so to be called from thence forth, and not otherwise."

It is in a play describing this scene that the tale is told of Gresham drinking the Queen's health in a cup of wine in which had been dissolved a costly pearl: so great was the opinion of his wealth held by writers of his own day!

In 1573 he entertained the Queen at his house in Mayfield, and two years later at Osterley, another of his many residences. A characteristic incident of this visit is told by Fuller; how that the Queen

"found fault with the court of the house as being too great," saying it would "be more handsome if divided with a wall in the middle," and that her attentive host sent to London for skilled and silent workmen, who effected the suggested changes in the watches of the night!

Sir Thomas only lived four years after this second visit of his royal mistress; he died suddenly, of apoplexy, on November 21, 1579, a few years after the death of his only son Richard.

His huge fortune he bequeathed in a princely manner. His wife was to be a wealthy woman till the day of her death, and besides his many other houses and manors he left her Gresham House, in London, for her lifetime, willing that, after her death, it should become the property of the College he had founded in London.

To the almshouses too which he had built and endowed he left money; and £10 a year each to certain poor prisoners in London prisons. And a large bequest to the Mercers' Company with which he had been connected throughout the whole of his long life.

So passed away Sir Thomas Gresham, the great financier of his age, the Merchant Prince of Shakspere's London. He did not dream of the Wonderland of Faerie Queens, or lay sonnets at

the feet of the Virgin Elizabeth—he never even sailed beyond that prosaic passage of the English Channel, and he left Sir Walter's Land of Gold contentedly alone—but no less than Spenser, or Sidney, or Raleigh was he one who lent all his powers to aid in the development of the New England of Shakspere's day.

It was an age of great men, and in his kingdom of finance he too was great. He held the purse-strings of the country, and though he may have held them a trifle tight, and even have withdrawn from the purse a somewhat large wage for himself, no man of finance could have been wanting in a spirit of true greatness who planned and left behind him two such monuments as Gresham College and the Royal Exchange.

The London merchant life, in Elizabeth's reign, of which Sir Thomas Gresham was the chief figure, had undergone a great change since the stormy years of the earlier Tudors.

The New World opened new fields of commerce for English enterprise; the peaceful state of the land at home contrasted well for English trade with the unsettled state of the Netherlands; the new coinage increased the stability of trade everywhere, especially abroad; and in London, where first the effect of every new impetus to discovery

or enterprise was felt, the merchants became more prosperous year by year.

The distinction between men of rank and men of commerce, though still strong, was not so absolute as it had been in earlier days: the Queen showed personal favour to the great City magnates, and where royalty leads, others are sure to follow.

Of the Lord Mayor of London, Harrison says: "There is no publike officer of anie citie in Europe, that may compare in port and countenance with him during the time of his office," and the other magnates of the City were taking to a style of life which differed little from that of the nobles of the Court. As to their diet, Harrison says: "The gentlemen and merchants keepe much about one rate, and each of them contenteth himselfe with foure, five, or six dishes, when he have but small resort, or peradventure with one, or two, or three at the most, when they have no strangers to accompanie them at their tables." He adds that "at such time as the merchants do make their feasts, it is a world to see what great provision is made of all manner of delicat meats, wherein they are often comparable herein to the nobilitie of the land." At these civic feasts they serve up, besides meat varying from that which

"the butcher usuallie killeth, geliffes" (jellies) of all colours in the forms of beasts, birds, fish, and flowers; "marchpaine" — that sweet so highly appreciated at the present time—"wrought with no small curiositie, tarts of diverse hewes and sundrie denominations, conserves of old fruits forren and home-bred, marmilats, sugerbread, gingerbread, and sundrie outlandish confections." Such a banquet as these highly-seasoned dishes imply was held by each of the London City Companies on the Quarter Days, and such feasts must have done much to add to the *esprit de corps* of the different Merchant Guilds. No man could belong to one of these Guilds, or practise a trade, without first serving an apprenticeship, and in London especially the apprentices formed a large and powerful body of young men. They had their own military exercises, their own dress, with leather jerkin, flat cap, and club which they carried in place of a sword, and this characteristic weapon of theirs gave its name to their call to arms, whether for political warfare, or for help in a street riot. At the cry of "Clubs!" the sturdy apprentices would pour forth from the shops and booths of merchandise, and woe to the stranger whom they judged to merit their displeasure! Their position towards their master, whether gold-

smith or silversmith, clockmaker, or trader in foreign goods, was one of great humility while the term of apprenticeship lasted; the apprentice waited at table upon his master and his family, attended him in the street to carry any of the wares that were to be displayed in private houses, and while learning the trade, performed at the same time the duties of a servant.

Many of the shops were open to the street, and the shopkeepers would sit and cry their wares, and importune customers to buy, more in the style of fair dealers of our own time. As to Sir Thomas Gresham's shops in the Royal Exchange, Harrison says that he endeavoured to let the underground part of the building for that purpose as well as the upper, but the plan was not successful. "Every man payed foure markes a yeare for every shopp above; and he [Gresham] would have as much rent for every shop below as above, or else they should not have any shopps above; and after they had kept shopps below a short season, what with the dampe of the vault, the darknesse of the place and the unwillingnesse of Customers to buy their wares there, they were so wearied, that they agreed among themselves to give foure pound a yeere for a shoppe above, so that they might be freed from keeping shoppes below, and

that Sir Thomas Gresham should turne the vault to what other use he would, either for Merchants' goods or otherwise, which offer he accepted, and these tenants only furnished the shopps above, as they are at this day."

The finest shops of the time seem to have been those in Cheapside, called "Goldsmiths' Row," containing the "most beautifull Frame of faire house and shops that be within the Wals of London, or elsewhere in England." These were supposed to be occupied by goldsmiths only, and orders were given in Council to turn out such as were not of that Company, and also to compel those who *were* to live in the Row, because by the intrusion of other merchandise there, whereby "the uniform show which was an ornament to those places, and a lustre to that city, is now greatly blemished."

Another important City Company was that of the clockmakers; no great house was now without a clock of its own, wrought in stone, or pearle, in gold or silver, and the art of clock and watchmaking had been carried to great perfection in England.

The Mercers' Company was, of course, all-powerful, and regulated much of the foreign trade, as well as the merchant life at home, and its members were some of the wealthiest of the London citizens.

The woollen manufactures of England had improved greatly during the reign of Elizabeth. Owing to the prosperity at home and the disquiet abroad, the English wool was no longer sent for manufacture to the Flemish industrial towns, but was worked up at home, and only sent abroad for dyeing. Master-manufacturers were beginning to employ numbers of workmen for looms under their control, and various places in England began to be known for the production of special goods, *i.e.* Manchester for cotton and frieze, York for coverlets, and Halifax for cloth, while the best broadcloth of the day was made in the West of England.

The exclusive right of certain towns to manufacture special goods, or the monopoly, as it was called, of those goods, was beginning to die out, and though Elizabeth made money throughout a great part of her reign by granting "monopolies" of certain articles, both in making and selling, to private persons, she gave up the practice three years before her death on the earnest remonstrance of her Parliament as to its ill effects on the general trade of the country.

The London of Shakspere's day differed in many ways from that of our own time, and there was one difference more striking than all: not

the comparative size of the capital then and now ; not the narrow, dirty, ill-kept streets, with their overhanging timbered houses, where we now have well-paved and well-kept thoroughfares ; but the fact that the river Thames, which to us means nothing but a broad turbid stream, acting the part of a commercial back street, and never used for pleasure by any one loftier than the passenger on a penny steamer, was then the great highway of London. On its stream, in private boats, men passed up and down on visits of state or pleasure, landing at the private steps to their own stately houses, many of which were built along its banks ; and there in royal state, surrounded by her courtly retinue of noble knights and ladies, came often the great Queen, floating in her gorgeous barge from the Palace of Whitehall to that at Greenwich where she had been born. Our London has gained much, but *that* we have lost, and nothing of like value has taken its place. The busy, bustling life of Tennyson's London is perhaps better represented by the crowded streets and the underground railway, but the light of memory will never shine on them as it shines still on the waters of Elizabeth's great highway.

We look with pride on the crowded life of ever-increasing energy which is the heritage of *our*

London, but it is with a tenderer feeling than that of pride that we picture the old-world life upon the sunlit river: soldier and explorer, knight and lady, busy craftsman and humble apprentice pass in turn before our sight, as they were wont to do in Shakspere's day, all ready to bow before the gaily-decked barge of the Queen who was so often among them. The Thames was the centre of London life then, and as such we see it still, in the tender light of memory.

Old London naturally grew up round the banks of the river, which was only crossed by the famous London Bridge, shop-lined on either side. Just above the rapids formed by the arches of the bridge was the Old Swan landing-place where "prudent persons who feared to trust themselves to the rapids which ran through the narrow arches of old London bridge [used] to land at the Swan stairs and walk to the east side of the bridge and take boat again there." A little way below the bridge was Billingsgate, or Bellynsgate, which was then not only a fish market, but "an open place for the landing and bringing in of any fish, corn, salt stores, victuals and fruit."

In London was vested the chief wealth of the country, far more than is now the case, and its wealth and prosperity seem to have impressed

themselves on all who visited it. Stowe thus sums up a lengthy enumeration of the advantages of London to the kingdom, above those which a great town usually brings :—

"By advantage of the scituation it disperseth forraine Wares to all the members most commodiously.

"By the benefite of the river of Thames, and great trade of Marchandize, it is the chief maker of Marriners, and Nurse of our Navie.

"It releeveth plentifully not onely her owne poore people, but also the poore that from each quarter of the realme do flocke unto it ; and it imparteth liberally to the necessite of the Universities besides. It is an ornament to the realm by the beautie thereof, and a terror to other countries by reason of the great wealth and frequencie. It spreadeth the honour of our Countrey far abroad by her long navigations, and maketh our power feared, even of barbarous Princes. It onely is stored with rich Marchantes ; which sort onely is tollerable : for beggardly Marchantes do byte too neere, and will do more harme than good to the realme."

For the truth of the last statement we would not like to vouch, but his concluding words apply to the London of all time: "Almightie God,

grant that her Majesty evermore rightly esteeme and rule this Citie; and he give grace, that the Citizens may answere duly, as well towards God and her Majestie, as towardes this whole realme and countrie. Amen."

CHAPTER IV

SCHOOLS AND UNIVERSITIES

HENRY VIII. had done much for the foundation and endowment of schools in England, and his scholarly and short-lived son carried on the work. Many are the King's Scholars on different foundations who owe their scholarships to the royal revenues of that time, such as in King's School, Canterbury, founded by Henry VIII. in 1541, "for fifty poor boys, to be maintained at the cost of the Church, and instructed, as well as all others who flock to the school."

Bath, Bedford, Bromsgrove, and Giggleswick are among the grammar schools founded and endowed by Edward VI., and nearly the last act of his life was that of signing the charter for Christ Hospital, the famous Blue Coat School. "Lord," said the dying boy, as he performed this last kingly duty, "I yield thee most hearty thanks that thou hast given me life thus long, to finish this work to the glory of thy name."

Secular education was not of great interest to his

austere sister Mary, but several fine schools were founded, and old ones endowed during her reign by private benevolence, such as Repton, Felsted, and St. Peter's School, York; and many are the grammar schools which date their foundation or endowment from the prosperous days of Queen Elizabeth, amongst others those of Ashbourne, Appleby, Faversham, and Wakefield. Stratford, where Shakspere was educated, had been founded in 1482, Derby even earlier. Coventry in 1546 was founded "as a free school, with a learned master to teach grammar, a learned usher, and a man skilful in music to teach singing "unto the children of all the free inhabitants within the citie and the inner liberties thereof *gratis*."

We know little of the education of girls at the time of Elizabeth, except that those of high degree had begun to be trained in learning as well as accomplishments, and that, by the statutes of some of the early grammar schools, a limited number of girls were allowed to attend with the boys; some statutes, those of Harrow, for instance, expressly prohibit girls from attending the school.

Nor do we know much about the earliest stage of education, for most of the school statutes

require that boys entering shall be able to read, and it is an exception to find provision made, as at Alford Grammar School, founded in 1565, "to teach young children the A B C, and also to read both English and Latin." And at Skipton, York, founded 1548, where the master is to be a chaplain or priest "who shall teach the boys the alphabet, according to the proper pronunciation of syllables, and shall afterwards proceed in order in the grammar art and the rudiments thereof, with the frequent use in the Latin tongue, according to their capacities."

During the reigns of Henry VIII. and his three children there was a very great advance in the founding of schools throughout the country. Eton, Winchester, and Westminster, St. Paul's, Shrewsbury, and Merchant Taylors' existed as they do now, and Harrow's "times were one" with those of Elizabeth, but the life and education has changed indeed since those days, when school life must have been an ordeal before which even a sturdy boy of our day might flinch. The work consisted chiefly of Latin and Greek, with grammar, and in many foundations singing and music.

The discipline was maintained by severe methods. "If they offend," writes a pedagogue of the time,

"if they are detected in falsehood, if they slip from the yoke, if they murmur against it, or complain in ever so little a degree, let them be most severely whipt, and spare neither the scourge, nor mitigate the punishment, till the proud heart shall be subdued, and they shall have become smoother than oil, and softer than a pumpkin."

And of Mulcaster, the famous head-master of Merchant Taylors', it is written that "in a morning he would exactly and plainly construe and parse the lesson to his scholars, which done, he slept his hour (custom made him critical to proportion it) in his desk in the school; but woe be to the scholar that slept the while. Awaking, he heard them accurately; and *Atropos* might be persuaded to pity as soon as he to pardon where he found just fault. The prayers of cockering mothers prevailed with him just as much as the requests of indulgent fathers, rather increasing than mitigating his severity on their offending children." And this at a time when some of the school statutes decreed that boys were not to be admitted *below* four years of age!

Though founded by the boy-king, Edward VI., whose traditional character is one of gentleness, Christ Hospital seemed to exceed most schools in the severity it meted out to any scholars detected

in the attempt to run away. For a first offence the culprit was put "into fetters," for the second he was confined in one of the dungeons, where, as Charles Lamb says, "a boy could just lie at his length upon straw and a blanket—a mattress, I think, was afterwards substituted—with a peep of light, let in askance, from a prison orifice at top, barely enough to read by. Here the poor boy was locked in by himself all day, without sight of any one but the porter, who brought him his bread and water—who *might not speak to him;* or of the beadle, who came twice a week to call him out to receive his periodical chastisement, which was almost welcome, because it separated him for a brief interval from solitude; and here he was shut up by himself *of nights*, out of the reach of any sound, to suffer whatever horrors the weak nerves and superstition, incident to his time of life, might subject him to."

More like the present-day school-boy than this sad captive is the Wykehamist, to whom Queen Elizabeth on her visit to Winchester addressed the inquiry whether he had ever endured the famous Winton birch, and who answered at once, "Infandum Regina, jubes renovare dolorem."

But this is the dark side of the picture: and

cheerful enough is the account of the Eton Collegers being called at five in the morning by one of the præpostors of the chamber, crying out *Surgite* in a loud voice ; and the boys while dressing themselves, and making their beds, repeating a prayer in alternate verses. "Each boy swept that part of the dormitory about his bed, and the præpostor chose four boys to collect the dirt into a heap and remove it. The whole of the boys then went in a row to wash, and afterwards repaired to school. . . . One præpostor's special duty was to examine the scholars' hands and faces, and report any who came unwashed."

Westminster and St. Paul's were well-established schools at this time, and Stowe tells how "under a wide-spreading tree in the churchyard of St. Bartholomew's, Smithfield, the scholars of St. Peter's annually enter the lists of grammar, chivalrously asserting the intellectual supremacy of Westminster against all comers."

And Dean Colet's Statutes for St. Paul's are a delightful collection of wise previsions for bringing up boys. "There shall be taught in the Scole," says his Statute concerning "The Children," "*Children of all Nations and Contres indifferently*, to the number of One Hundred and Fifty-three, according to the number of the Seates in

the Scole. The Maister shall admit these Children as they be offirid from tyme to tyme ; but first se that they canne saye the Catechyzon, and also that he can rede and write competently, else let him not be admitted in no wise."

"A Childe at the first admission, once for ever, shall paye 4d. for wrytinge of his name; this money of the admissions shal the poor Scholer have that swepeth the Schole and keepeth the seats cleane."

"In every Forme one principall childe shal be placid in the chayre, President of that Forme."

"The children shall come into the Schole in the Mornynge at Seven of the clocke, both Winter and Somer, and tarye there untyll Eleven, and returne againe at One of the clocke, and departe at Five."

These hours, with prayers three times a day, which the Statutes enjoin, seem somewhat lengthy to our ideas, especially as the Dean goes on to say, "I will they bring no meate nor drinke, nor bottel, nor use in the Scole no breakfasts, nor drinkings, in the time of learninge in no wise."

"In the Scole," he says, "in no tyme of the yere, they shall use talough candell in no wise, but allonly wax candell, at the costes of their frendes."

In a work on education, published in 1612, the routine of grammar-school life is described as follows :—

Work to begin at six, and an hour to be spent then in Latin exercises, and preparation of class-work to be carried on until nine o'clock. One quarter of an hour is here allowed for recreation, and we should hope for breakfast, and then school again until eleven, when there is an interval of two hours. Work goes on again during most of the afternoon, and ends at half-past five, when the Master reads part of a chapter from the Bible, two staves of a Psalm and some prayers, after which this somewhat laborious schoolday comes to an end.

In the Statutes of Durham it is decreed that "if any one is found dull and without a taste for literature, the Dean should remove him, lest, like a drone, he devour the honey of the bees ;" and there is the same provision made in many instances, which seems highly desirable, as the hours were devoted so exclusively to gathering the honey of learning that the drones devoid of intellectual tastes must have been equally troublesome to themselves and the "Maister."

There must have been sports among the boys, and regular times for recreation ; in the Harrow

Statutes the amusements are restricted to "driving a top, tossing a hand-ball, running, shooting, and no other;" and the parents are enjoined that "you shall allow your Child, at all times, bow-shafts, bow-strings, and a bracer, to exercise shooting;" while at Shrewsbury, the school which numbered Philip Sidney among its scholars, the ancient Bailiffs' ordinances direct that "the Scholars shall play only on Thursday, unless there be a holy-day in the week, or at the earnest request of some man of honour, or of great worship, credit, or authority." No doubt they "played," whether Thursday or not, on the day when "Mr. Phillipe Siddney," at the age of nineteen, revisited his old school with his father, and the school spent, in their honour upon "wine, cakes, and other things," the magnificent sum of 7s. 2d.

At Shrewsbury their games were to consist of the somewhat curious choice between "shooting in the long-bow and chess play, and no other games, unless it be running, wrestling, or leaping, and no game to be above 1d., or match over 4d." And before they go to play even on Thursday, it is enacted that "the Scholars shall for exercise declaim and play one act of a comedy."

Punishment in the form of the birch was

evidently a prominent feature in Elizabethan education. The seals of Oakham, Rivington, and Blackburn bear each the device of a birch as their emblem; and the seal of Louth School, founded in 1552, has represented on it a Master, with rod in hand, birching a boy before the assembled school.

Very quaint to our ears are the stipulations in some of the Statutes of these old grammar schools. Brecon, for instance, founded "for instruction of all persons willing to be taught in good literature gratis;" Caermarthen, "for the education of boys and youths in grammar and other inferior books;" Abingdon, where sixty-three poor boys of the town and neighbourhood are to be educated, and with them "ten others" whom the master may "take advantage of"; Broughton, where an endowment is made for "an honest person, sad and discreet, to teach grammar;" and St. Saviour's, Southwark, where besides an entrance fee of 2s. 6d., each poor scholar had to pay 2d. per quarter "towards brooms and rods."

But faulty and severe as these Elizabethan schools seem to us in the light of modern education, they bred up noble and cultivated men; they had the true principles of education at their foundation; they had few books, but those they

had they studied well, and they were founded almost always to the glory of God, and with the first intention of rearing boys in His service.

Daily prayer and praise was ordained in most Statutes, and the founder's aim was usually that of Fanshawe, who endowed Dronfield School in Derbyshire in 1583, and who enjoins that the Masters are "to bring up their Scholars in the fear of God—that men seeing the ends of virtue in their youth, may be stirred up to bless and praise God for their pious education."

From school life at the age of thirteen or fourteen, boys seeking a University training passed to Oxford or Cambridge. The Universities had undergone a great change during the last four reigns; their life was largely bound up in the religious life of the country, and the violent changes through which that religious life passed within fifty or sixty years affected them severely. The Universities had been solemnly declared to be Protestant, and the new learning and philosophy had their rise among the scholars by the Isis and the Cam, but the semi-monastic atmosphere, which belongs so especially to the old form of Catholic religion, lingered on in the Universities long after it had died out elsewhere.

About this time several new patrons arose to

found and endow fresh colleges and halls both in Oxford and Cambridge. Queen Mary completed Trinity College, Cambridge; Emmanuel, and Sidney Sussex, were both built in the reign of Elizabeth; and in her reign, too, the celebrated London physician, Dr. Caius, incorporated a college bearing his own name with that of the older foundation of Gonville, and there, later on, he was buried in the chapel of his own college, beneath a monument bearing the terse inscription, "Fui Caius."

At Oxford, Wolsey had reared the beginning of his grandly planned Cardinal's College, which Henry VIII. had finished, though on a much smaller scale, and had endowed as Christ Church; St. John's, Trinity, Corpus, and the Welsh College, Jesus, all arose in Oxford about this time, as did also the Bodleian Library, and the Library at Cambridge. In Ireland, Trinity College, Dublin, was founded, and in London the educational endowments of Sir Thomas Gresham's University, and the College of Physicians. Of course many of the colleges were of far older date, such as University, Merton, and William of Wykeham's magnificent foundation of New College, with its picturesque square gate tower, stately quadrangles and chapel, and the garden encircled by part of

the city wall; it must have formed a fine model for the colleges now increasing in number around it. The walls had to be thick then, and the gates strong, to guard not only against times of civil war, but also against the enmity between Town and Gown, which has lasted throughout the history of the Universities, and which will probably last, though the warfare is waged now by tongue instead of fist, as long as the Universities themselves endure. Harrison, who studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, writes, "That whatsoever the difference be in building of the towne streets, the townesmen of both are glad when they may match and annoie the students, by incroaching upon their liberties, and keepe them bare by extreame sale of their wares."

The colleges were not originally established as places of instruction, but for the exercise of religious duties and of study; then came the poor scholars, who were gradually added to the endowed Fellows and Head, of whom the college first consisted, and these scholars were at one time taught by the Head himself.

But in 1548 there is mention made of the Tutors or "Masters to whose instruction the juniors are to be committed;" and in the Statutes of Queen's College, Oxford, it is enjoined

that the scholars, before waiting upon the Fellows at dinner, shall answer questions upon their knees ; not a position which the modern undergraduate would choose to assume for his *vivâ voce*.

The compulsory celibacy of the College Fellows, which lasted until modern days, was, of course, a relic of the old Catholic ecclesiastical times.

As to education, the Universities were then, as they have always been, the home of classical studies, nor did they undertake to teach elementary work. Even as early as 1549 the Statutes enact that candidates for admission to the colleges at Cambridge must pass a preliminary examination in the rudiments of grammar, and that the colleges are not to give instruction in that branch.

Latin, Greek, Mathematics, Theology, and Philosophy were the principal subjects of study ; men were given to a familiar use of Latin in everyday life highly unattractive to the modern undergraduate, or even Fellow ; long Latin orations were bestowed freely on any distinguished visitor to the University, and not unfrequently answered in the same tongue. When Queen Elizabeth visited Oxford in September 1592, such eloquence seemed to have pursued her throughout her stay, and been with her to the end ; even when the sights and sounds of academical life should have been

left behind, and on their homeward journey when she and her escort had passed from the city up the steep side of Shotover, the Queen had to listen from "her open and princely carriadge to a long and tedious oration made unto her by the Junior Proctor of the University."

And we yet feel a thrill of old-world pride in the Queen who could answer her academical subjects in speeches both in Latin and in Greek, as "long," and no doubt quite as "tedious," as their own!

However, Elizabeth evidently enjoyed greatly her glimpses of University life, and in one of her Latin orations she declares, "Ever since I have come to Oxford, I have seen much, and I have heard much, and I have approved of all. For everything was discreetly done and elegantly said."

Prominent in academic education then were the "Disputations," in which various scholars would engage from time to time on special subjects.

Elizabeth attended two of these in one afternoon, during her first visit to Oxford; they were held in St. Mary's Church, and were on the subjects of Natural Philosophy and Physicke. "Mr. Dr. Dochin," who answered the second Disputation, began with the usual flattering oration to the Queen, "for hir gratious favour, in vouchsafing hir presence at this exercise, being so excellent a

Prince, and so singularly well seene even in this very faculty, amongst many other, hir virtues and great excellency of knowledge and learning, which he wished she might have in use of hirself;" but in spite of this courtly beginning, the account goes on to say that "Mr. Dr. Dochin," having entered into a short exposition of one of the questions, "was soon cut off by the Proctors, and the Replyers called for." On the other hand, Mr. Giles Thompson, the leader in the Disputation on Natural Philosophy, "handled the questions principally, and spent no time at all in the commendation of hir Majestie, or of the nobility," for he sayd "their virtues were greater then that they could be sufficiently recommended by him."

The acting of Plays was at this time greatly practised by the scholars of the Universities; on Sunday night Elizabeth heard "graciouslye and with great patience," two Latin Plays "performed but meanly," as the MS. of Stringer says, in Christ Church Hall.

The life of the students was still monastic in its severe simplicity; they rose at five in the morning, and in the evening the college gates were closed at eight in winter and nine in summer, and the proctors finding any one outside his gate after these hours, "would take no excuse,"—an announcement terrible from its vagueness.

Corporal punishment lasted at the Universities until the end of the seventeenth century.

A Latin MS. by a scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge, gives an account of his day as it was usually spent :—

"The greater part of the scholars get out of bed between four and five o'clock of the morning; from five to six they attend the reading of public prayers, and an exhortation from the Divine Word in their own chapels; they then either apply to separate study, or attend lectures in common, until ten, when they betake themselves to dinner, at which four scholars are content with a small portion of beef bought for one penny, and a sup of pottage made of gravy of the meat, salt, and oaten flour. From the time of this moderate meal to five in the evening they either learn or teach, and then go to their supper, which is scarcely more plentiful than the dinner. Afterwards problems are discussed, or other studies pursued, until nine or ten o'clock; and then about half-an-hour is spent in walking or running about (for they have no hearth or stove) in order to warm their feet before going to bed."

It is a somewhat severe routine when compared with that of the modern undergraduate, but there must have been many youths of good family whose

time was passed in far less exclusive devotion to study, and who came up, as men have come to the Universities in all ages, to finish there that undefined curriculum—the education of a gentleman. There have been idle and pleasure-loving students, as well as those thrifty and intellectual, both at Oxford and Cambridge, from time immemorial, and the Universities probably differ less than any other part of England from what they were in Shakspere's day. We have no knowledge that the Great Man himself was ever in either home of learning, but it is not difficult to bring back in imagination the figures of his contemporaries who once studied within college walls. Even now, so unchanged are they in outward appearance, that one could easily fancy a black-gowned figure in a quiet Cambridge court, suddenly turning towards one the round girlish face of the great philosopher, Francis Bacon ; one could almost see Sidney's graceful form pass out at any moment from beneath the gateway of Christ Church, or imagine the Hall at Oriel graced once more by the presence of the "wise white head" which fell upon the block nearly three hundred years ago. Harrison studied both at Oxford and Cambridge, and praises the buildings of each in emphatic terms. The colleges of Oxford, he says, "are much more statelie, magnificent, and

commodious than those of Cambridge ; and thereunto the streets of the towne for the most part more large and comelie. But for uniformitie of building, orderlie compaction, and politike requirent, the towne of Cambridge [as the newer workmanship] exceedeth that of Oxford (which otherwise is, and hath beene, the greater of the two").

"The professors," he says, "have all the rule of disputations and other schoole exercises, ... and such of their hearers, as by their skill in the same disputations, are thought to have atteined to anie convenient ripenesse of knowleledge, ... are permitted solemnlie to take their deserved degrees of schoole in the same science and facultie wherein they have spent their travell."

"From that time forward, also," he adds, "they use such difference in apparell as becommeth their callings, tendeth unto gravitie, and maketh them knowne to be called to some countenance."

And with the donning of the apparel that tendeth unto gravity, *i.e.* the graduate's gown, and with the University degree—or frequently at that time without it—the scholar passed from the arena of academical life in quiet Hall and cloister, into the great world of activity and enterprise which composed the England of Shakspere's day.

CHAPTER V

ARCHBISHOP PARKER: THE JESUITS AND INDEPENDENTS

HAD Elizabeth succeeded to the crown of England immediately after the death of her father, her position with regard to the Church would have been far less difficult than it actually was.

She desired to continue the Reformation of the English Church on the lines on which he had begun it, but there stretched between his work and hers the reigns of her brother and sister during which religion, on either side, had been fanned into fanaticism. But Elizabeth was the true daughter of Henry VIII., no difficulties daunted her, no foes intimidated her; she was far more of a politician than a religious enthusiast, and as a politician she set to work upon the religious problems of her reign, just as she worked at all other political problems.

With her usual discernment in choosing suitable men for her advisers—if this most dictatorial monarch can be described as possessing advisers

at all—she selected as Archbishop of Canterbury, in succession to Cardinal Pole, Matthew Parker, a celebrated Cambridge scholar.

Parker was the son of a "calenderer" of Norwich, and had been born in that town on August 6th, 1504, and sent as a youth to Cambridge, first to St. Mary's Hostel, and then to Corpus Christi College.

He was a man of moderate views, sensible, unemotional, slow to anger, and industrious, and he proved a wise and sound councillor and an active helper to the Queen in the long hard years that lay before the Church of England.

Parker was endeared to Elizabeth by early association, for he had been chaplain to her unfortunate mother, and later on had lived a studious and peaceful life as Dean of St. John-at-Stoke, in Suffolk.

In 1544 he had returned to Cambridge as Master of Corpus, recommended to the Fellows of the college in the royal order "as well for his approved learning, wisdom, and honesty, as for his singular grace and industry in bringing up youth in virtue and learning, so apt for the exercise of the said roome, as it is thought very hard to find the like for all respects and purposes." To Cambridge, and more particularly to Corpus,

Parker was devotedly attached throughout his life, and he made an energetic and conscientious Master, revising the accounts of the college, which he found in a state of confusion, and making inventories of the goods and estates belonging to it.

Then came the violent ecclesiastical changes of Edward's and Mary's reigns, during the first of which Parker was in high favour, and was made Dean of Lincoln, while during the gloomy years of Mary he lived in constant fear of his life. It was in flying from his pursuers on one occasion then that he had a severe fall from his horse, which left injuries from which he never entirely recovered.

But with the accession of Elizabeth he had no longer any need to fear: she seemed to recognise in him the man she required to help her in restoring to the country a national Church; one that would be a *via media* between Roman Catholicism and the severe doctrines of Luther and Calvin.

There was a difficulty about Parker's consecration: three bishops refused to have any part in it, but others were found to take their place, and the ceremony was performed with the Litany, the laying on of hands, and other ritual, on

December 17th, 1559, in the Archbishop's Chapel at Lambeth.

Parker had not been eager for the appointment, and had written at length to Lord Burghley, then William Cecil, urging how few qualifications he possessed for the post; poor, and in bad health owing to his late accident. "Flying in a night," he writes, "from such as sought for me to my peril, I fell off my horse so dangerously, that I shall never recover it; and by my late journey up, and my being there at London not well settled, it is increased to my greater pain. I am fain sometime to be idle, when I would be occupied, and also to keep my bed, when my heart is not sick."

He also felt himself far fitter for a life of quiet study at his beloved University than for such a prominent position as that of Archbishop; he evidently feared what, in a later letter to Cecil, he calls his "overmuch shamefastness," which prevented him from "raising up his heart to utter in talk with others," and which he again attributed to "passing those hard years of Mary's reign in obscurity." But Elizabeth's will was not to be gainsaid, and he was consecrated to the vacant see of Canterbury.

In one particular he had not the approval of

the Queen, and that was in the fact of his being married; Elizabeth never became reconciled to the idea of marriage among the clergy, but as she was so strongly opposed to marriage among the laity, especially among her friends, it perhaps detracted somewhat from the strength of her opposition. Parker had been married on the 24th of June 1547, to Margaret, daughter of Robert Harleston, of Malsall, in the county of Norfolk, gentleman, and she made him a good and devoted wife until her death in 1570, when he mourned her as his "most beloved and virtuous wife." It was to Margaret Parker that Elizabeth addressed her witty and characteristically non-committal speech, when she bade her farewell, after visiting her and her husband at Canterbury: "Madam I may not call you, Mistress I will not call you, but whatever you are, I thank you for your hospitality."

Parker was more of a Protestant than the Queen in matters pertaining to the conduct of services. He urged her to remove the crucifix and the wax candles from the altar of her private chapel, and he wrote, with others of the clergy, entreating her, at great length, and in the most emphatic terms, to put down the use of images in the Church. "In the zeal of God," he urges

her, "utterly to remove this offensive evil out of the Church of England, to God's great glory, and our own great comfort."

On the other hand, he received a vigorous letter from the Queen on the subject of general seemliness and keeping clean of churches. "It breedeth no small offence and slander," she writes, "to see and consider, on the one part, the curiosity and costs bestowed by all sorts of men upon their private houses, and on the other part, the unclean or negligent order and sparekeeping"—(an expressive word, and one it is a pity we have lost!)—"of the house of prayer, by permitting open decays and ruins of coverings, walls and windows, and by appointing unmeet and unseemly tables with foul cloths for the communion of the sacraments, and generally leaving the place of prayers desolate of all cleanliness and of meet ornaments for such a place, whereby it might be known a place provided for divine service."

But though Elizabeth's hereditary instincts were in favour of the "seemliness" of the ancient ritual, the position of political affairs on the Continent forced her into the post of leader to the Protestant reform-party in Europe.

It was chiefly owing to her wisdom, and to the moderation of Parker, that the English Church

developed into its present form, and did not follow the more severe teachings of Calvin and John Knox.

Knox, who was a Scotchman, born at Haddington, had been a popular preacher in England during the reign of Edward VI., and, on Mary's accession, he had fled to Geneva, and become an ardent disciple of Calvin. In his hatred of the principles alike of the English and the Scotch Marys, he had written a furious work against the rule of women, entitled, "Blast of the Trumpet against the Monstrous Regiment of Women," and this alone was quite enough to make Elizabeth prohibit him from preaching in England. So he returned to his native land, and there, until his death in 1572, he worked with fierce and narrow-minded severity, but with sincere and lofty unselfishness, to bring about a state of rigid reform in Scotland.

With the spread of his doctrines, and the change of religious opinions in Scotland, the end came to the political union of that country with France; in moral and religious temper the two nations drifted apart, never again to be united.

The *via media* along which Elizabeth and Parker toiled unceasingly to lead the Church of England, lay between those followers of Calvin

and Knox, who on account of the strict purity of their lives began to be called Puritans, and the still mighty power of the Roman Catholic Church.

In the year 1540, Ignatius Loyola had founded the order of the Jesuits, who were to live a very different life from that of the early monastic orders.

Loyola had been a Spanish officer, and being disabled from military service by a wound received while fighting the French, he threw his whole enthusiastic nature into the founding of an order which should unite religious zeal with military discipline. In this he succeeded beyond what he could have imagined. For good or for evil the Society of Jesus has been a mighty power ever since its foundation.

Instead of the older idea of life in a monastery, cut off largely from contact with the world, the Jesuits were to live *in* the world, to travel through all lands, to wear no special garb, to consider any means fair by which they could bring back souls to the Roman Catholic Church.

It needed, indeed, incessant work and watchfulness on the part of the English bishops to guard against the influence of such men as these, so devoted to one cause, and that one of hostility to the English Church.

Parker was earnest in his requests to Cecil to

fill the vacant bishoprics in the North, knowing that the Queen was not free from her father's practice of appropriating Church revenues, and seeing how evil was the effect on the people of keeping them without proper ecclesiastical authority.

"The people there," he writes, "is offended that they be nothing cared for. Alas, they be people rude of their own nature, and the more had need to be looked to for retaining them in quiet and civility." And he even goes so far as to say, "I know the Queen's Highness's disposition to be graciously bent to have her people to know and fear God; why should others hinder her good zeal for money sake, as it is most commonly judged?"

And that his words were not idly spoken is shown by the letter he received from the Bishop of Durham four years later, speaking most strongly on the need for reform in his diocese and those around it.

"The old vicar of Blackburn, Roger Linney," he writes, "resigned for a pension, and now Whalley has as evil a vicar as the worst. . . . If your grace would, either yourself or by my lord of York, amend these things, it were very easy."

And, so hopeful is Bishop Pilkington of the

efficacy of archiepiscopal interference, that he adds cheerfully, "one little examination or commandment to the contrary would take away all these, and more."

He goes on to speak somewhat slightingly of his Episcopal brothers in the neighbourhood, affirming that "the bishop of Chester has compounded with my lord of York for his visitation, and gathers up the money by his servant; but never a word spoken of any visitation or reformation;" and adding that "the Bishop of Man lies here at ease, and as merry as Pope Joan."

Parker was a man who in all things sought moderation; he was anxious to restore as far as possible the old unity to the Church of England; his own words were "that that most holy and godly form of discipline which was commonly used in the Primitive Church might be called home again." He aimed at restoration, not at innovation, though he was less attached than Elizabeth to the outward emblems of worship to which the Puritans were so bitterly opposed, and which made them style him, on account of his office, the "Pope of Lambeth."

Elizabeth used him in religious affairs much as she used Burghley and Walsingham in secular, to

carry out unpopular measures, keeping herself sedulously in the background.

It was through him that all her attempts were made to enforce uniformity of dress and conduct among the clergy during the services, and he writes often almost in despair to his confidant, Sir William Cecil, on the difficulty of his position. "Must I do still all things alone?" he asks pathetically. "I am not able, and must refuse to promise to do that I cannot, and is another man's charge." . . . And later, in the same letter, he says, "And yet I am not weary to bear, to do service to God and to my prince; but an ox can draw no more than he can."

He is much troubled here with those who "profess openly, for all their brag of six hundred communicants, that they will neither communicate nor come in the church where either the surplice or the cap is." Verily, his task was not an easy one!

In 1563 he received a letter from the Lords of the Council informing him that Dr. Thirleby and Dr. Boxall, the deprived Bishop of Ely, and Dean of Peterborough, who had been placed in the Tower on their refusal to take the oath of the Queen's supremacy, were to be, in future, lodged in his house, "for their better safeguard from the present infection of the plague."

The Archbishop's own safeguard, or that of his household, does not seem to have been considered in the matter, though the disease was so widespread, that Dr. Thirleby wrote to Parker, "I doubt what ways we may come without danger of the plague to your grace, all the places in the way being so sore infected, yet they say need maketh the old wife to trot."

Poor Dr. Thirleby begins his letter to his compulsory host by saying, "Your grace knoweth the proverb, 'An unbidden guest wotteth not where to sit;'" but Parker answers him, a few days afterwards, kindly, if not enthusiastically, "Sir, as an unbidden guest, as ye write, knoweth not where to sit, so a guest, bidden or unbidden, being content with that which he shall find, shall deserve to be the better welcome." And letting not any compassion he may feel for his clerical brothers in affliction override his sturdy common-sense, he proceeds to place the two plague-infected divines "in the town not far from my house here at Bekesborne, in an house at this present void of a dweller, till such time as they were better blown with this fresh air for a fourteen days." They lived with him, as his guests, for many years, often causing him no small inconvenience.

In February 1563, when the French invasion

was feared, Parker writes to Cecil asking him "what were best to be done with my two guests which ye sent me, in this time and country, in such vicinity? although," he adds, "I judge by their words that they be true Englishmen, not wishing to be subject to the governance of such insolent conquerors."

Dr. Thirleby died at Lambeth in August 1570. The receiving of official visitors into his house was an obligation regularly laid upon Parker by the thrifty Queen, who loved to see her guests well housed and entertained at the expense of her subjects rather than herself.

On May 14th, 1564, she wrote to him, by the hand of Cecil, to make ready to meet and entertain the French ambassador, Mons. de Gonour, either at Canterbury or Bekesbourn, whichever he preferred.

Parker writes a delightful letter to Cecil, a few days after the arrival of his foreign visitors, in which he begins by the somewhat ironical remark that the chief minister does not "need to be informed of the natural disposition of the Frenchmen, late made our friends."

The Archbishop's own opinion of the natural disposition does not seem to be high, as he mentioned that the "young gentlemen" in attendance

on the ambassador had evidently been "well advertised to see to their behaviour within the realm," so that after their departure he "could not charge them either with word or deed, or purloining the worth of one silver spoon: somewhat otherwise than I did doubt of before."

Of the ambassador himself he speaks as "of a good, gentle nature," and he describes how they walk together in his garden at Bekesbourn, with the Bishop of Constance—"a soft, good-natured gentleman"—whom Gonour has brought with him as interpreter, and discuss the conduct of the English Church services.

"I perceive," says Parker, "that they thought, before their coming, we had neither *statas preces*, nor choice of days of abstinence, as Lent, &c., nor orders ecclesiastical. . . . And thereupon, part by word, and partly by some little superfluity of fare and provision, I did beat that plainly out of their heads. And so they seemed to be glad that in ministration of our Common Prayer and Sacraments we use such reverent mediocrity, and that we did not expel musick out of our quires, telling them that our musick drowned not the principal regard of our prayer."

His own expression "reverent mediocrity" well describes his own position throughout his ministry.

He goes on to say that "he made them a fish supper on Friday night . . . in respect of their usage at home," and discussed with them the marriage of the clergy, and the authority of the Pope ; and because they "much noted the tract of this country in the fair plains and downs so nigh the sea"—evidently with a view to the projected French invasion—he adds that, "I thought good, in a little vain brag (unpriestly, ye may say), to have a piece of mine armoury in a lower chamber, nigh to my court, subject to their eyes ; whereby they did see that some preparation we had against their invasion, if it had been so purposed."

In almost every letter he writes, Parker shows the same shrewd insight into the difficulties of the time, and sound common-sense in dealing with them.

His interest in his beloved University never flagged, and in matters at Oxford, too, he took constant part.

We find him writing to the Warden of All Souls', advising him to melt down the "superstitious plate" "reserved" there, for future use in the college ; and the year after the election of a new Warden, he writes to Lord Burghley—as Cecil has now become—begging him "to be good to this honest young man, the Warden of All Souls' College."

He tries to settle a dispute among the Fellows of Merton, relating to the number of priests to be elected, and also a long controversy at Gonville Hall—soon to become the College of Caius and Gonville — between the Master and Fellows. "Scholars' controversies," he writes, "be now many and troublous ; and their delight is to come before men of authority to shew their wits," &c. . . . But "my old experience there," he adds, "hath taught me to spy daylight at a small hole."

In 1571, friendly relations in England between Roman Catholics and Protestants were rendered for the future impossible by the Papal Bull issued by Pius V. excommunicating Elizabeth, and absolving her Roman Catholic subjects from their allegiance. The quarrel had been made political ; henceforth there could be nothing but warfare between the two forms of religion.

The following year there died in Scotland the stern, uncompromising leader of the northern Puritans, John Knox, "the only great man," it has been said, "among all the reformers that spoke the English tongue."

In Cambridge the Independent element, led by Cartwright, was growing apace, and the Papal Bull did more than all else to draw to the Queen's side the very Puritans of whom she disapproved :

the issue of the Bull had caused the religious struggle to become a national one.

But for only a few more years did Archbishop Parker join in the struggle. His wife had died in August 1570, and his own health had been failing for some time: he had worked hard, and the longing for rest must have been strong in him at times. In the last letter he ever wrote to Burghley he speaks of having "a great while provided for death," and he "trusts that this shall be one of the last letters" he shall write to his old friend.

He died on St. Patrick's Day, 1575, and was buried in his own chapel at Lambeth.

He had written much, and taken great trouble to collect old and valuable MSS. from the wrecked monasteries, and these, with books and money, he bequeathed to Cambridge.

He spent a laborious life in the service of his country and his Queen, and if he lacked the heroic and saintly characteristics which have been often seen in the holders of his office, it must be remembered that he lived in troublous times, and that he spent his life in trying to lessen the trouble.

After his death the fight waxed fiercer between the English Church and the Roman Catholic power

in England: and five years later a band of Jesuits arrived secretly in England to undertake the reconversion of the people to the old form of worship.

The party was led by Robert Parsons and Edmund Campion, men who had both been educated at Oxford, and who brought well-trained and cultivated minds to the carrying out of the difficult and dangerous task imposed upon them by the general of their order.

Parsons was an able man, of great industry and resource, and was chosen as leader of the expedition, but Campion's is the figure which has left the deepest impression on all students of the ill-fated enterprise.

He had been one of the most brilliant scholars of his time at Oxford, and had been noticed by Elizabeth and Leicester for the ability he showed when taking part in a disputation before them at the University; but he had not been able to reconcile his conscience to taking orders in the English Church, and had gone to Ireland first, and then to the Jesuit College at Douai in Flanders, which had been founded by an Englishman named Allen, for the training of English Catholics chiefly for the priesthood, and where he had formally repudiated the Protestant faith. He

was ordained at Douai, and went on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he became a Jesuit, and was chosen to undertake with Parsons, his old fellow-student at Oxford, the hazardous work of restoring the Roman Catholic religion in England. Disguised and separate, the two friends landed; and by his splendid preaching, his persuasive powers, and the sympathetic charm of his nature—to which even his enemies bore witness—Campion won many to his side. He and his party came to do exactly what Elizabeth was trying her best to prevent, to separate the lukewarm Roman Catholics from those who were earnest and consistent.

Elizabeth's Settlement of Church Affairs had always aimed far more at political safety than religious satisfaction, and such work as the Jesuits came to do must inevitably, if successful, undermine that safety.

The Queen had been excommunicated by the Pope; the English Roman Catholics had been absolved from their allegiance to her; the Jesuits came to win back the English nation in a mass to the Roman Catholic religion; the inference was obvious.

The Jesuit movement could not be suffered in England, however strong was the Queen's own

feeling towards the old faith, and her dislike to taking up a firmly Protestant attitude.

It is a fascinating story for those who can bear details of mortal anguish, those eighteen months which Campion spent in England, between the time of his landing and his death.

But here the mere outline must suffice. He and Parsons, after being in London for a time, set out on a tour through the country; they knew that they carried their lives in their hands, but as Campion said, almost with his last breath, "It is not our death that ever we feared." They held services in secret, they confessed penitents, they celebrated Mass, and everywhere they urged the Roman Catholics to cease from the compulsory attendance at public worship enjoined by law. Everywhere the members of their faith flocked to hear them, and every day the political danger increased, especially after the publication of Campion's book, on which he had been for some time engaged, "Decem Rationes;" or, "Ten Reasons for being a Catholic." Parsons, when the pursuit against them began to wax hot, made his way to the coast, and escaped to the Continent, but Campion still continued his work of secret exhortation and instruction. He was a high-souled, earnest enthusiast, and his thoughts were too much filled with the joy

of bringing back the souls of the wandering into what he believed to be the only true fold to allow of his taking any heed for his own safety.

He wrote to the general of his order, "My soul is in my own hands ever. Let such as you send make count of this always:—The solaces that are intermeddled with the miseries are so great that they not only countervail the fear of what temporal government soever, but by infinite sweetness make all worldly pains seem nothing."

He was at last taken prisoner at a country-house near Abingdon Lyford in Berkshire, where he had gone to bring the solaces of confession and absolution to a party of nuns who had long been sheltered there.

He was carried to London, and over his imprisonment, examination by torture, trial and execution, we must not linger: such belong to a more detailed ecclesiastical work than this has any claim to be. It is enough here to say that even his enemies were struck by the wisdom and sweetness with which he answered his opponents in the disputations held before his death, and when his body was worn by imprisonment and suffering.

As he stood beneath the gallows they bade

him pray in English, but he answered, continuing his devotions in Latin, "I will pray to God in a language we both understand."

"Pray for the Queen," they shouted, and he prayed for her: "For Elizabeth, your Queen and mine, to whom I wish a long quiet reign and all prosperity."

But how could Elizabeth reign in quiet and prosperity if her subjects were absolved from their allegiance to her as a part of their religion?

So on December 1st, 1581, died the saintly enthusiast, Edmund Campion, with the same unflinching courage with which men of every age and every race have been ready to meet death for the form of Christianity in which they felt salvation was to be found.

Two years after the execution of Campion and his companions, Parker's successor, Archbishop Grindal, had been deposed by Elizabeth for refusing to carry out her orders as to repressing Puritan Assemblies, or Prophesyings, and she had appointed to the See of Canterbury another famous Cambridge scholar, John Whitgift.

The leader of the Puritan or Independent party at Cambridge was Thomas Cartwright, and he and Whitgift had many disputes over matters of Church organisation, Cartwright upholding the

expediency of returning to what he called the organisation of the Primitive Church.

He was the ablest of the Puritans, and was a learned man, a powerful preacher, and a clever disputant, though too impulsive for the leader of a party, and often lacking soundness of judgment. But he and his followers had much right on their side in the charges they brought against the corrupt state of Church patronage. He held the Margaret Professorship at Cambridge for some time, but was deprived of it by Whitgift during his Vice-Chancellorship, on account of his attacks on Church government.

For some time he lived abroad, writing many controversial works, and ministering to the English congregation at Antwerp. In 1585 he returned to England, and soon afterwards was made by Leicester master of his picturesque hospital for old men at Warwick.

He continued to preach to large congregations round Warwick, and he lived in wealth and comfort till 1603, when he died quietly in his own house. According to Harrington, his last words were of contrition, "for the trouble he had caused in the Church."

His views of Church government were largely Presbyterian, and along with the "trouble" he

had caused, he had done valuable work in stirring up the Puritans to protest against much that was lax and unjust in the management of Church affairs throughout England.

We, who in the beginning of the twentieth century see the comparative smoothness with which the English Church maintains its position and government, can hardly realise how great was the "tribulation" through which it passed in the successive reigns of Henry VIII. and his son and daughters.

CHAPTER VI

FRANCIS BACON

AMONG the many brilliant figures of Shakspere's time, none, save the great master himself, left so deep a mark on future ages as did Francis Bacon; and no career begun with fairer promise ever ended in more pathetic gloom. Not Sidney's gallant death upon the foreign field of battle, or even Raleigh's upon the scaffold, had the tragic sense of failure which darkened Bacon's life, apart from his work.

It has been said that to know the life of a great writer is a mistake, and, if ever this is true, it is so in the case of Bacon. What we learn from his writings is a grand lofty philosophy which lifts us above the sordid temptations of the world, while in his life we see him always among the multitude, struggling, maybe, with difficulties, but constantly yielding to them; practising a morality no higher than that of his fellows; so that when the end comes, and his career is closed in gloom, and something akin to shame, we cannot help feeling

that his fall is great in proportion to the heights to which his genius might have risen.

Francis Bacon was born three years before Shakspere, on the 22nd of January 1561, at York House, in the Strand. His father, Sir Nicholas Bacon, was Lord Keeper to Queen Elizabeth, and his mother, Lady Ann (whose father had been tutor to Edward VI.), was a gifted and pious lady, and passionately attached to her two sons, Anthony and Francis.

Anthony was the elder by two years, and the brothers were devoted companions almost until his death. They were both delicate, and were brought up at home, either in London, amid the atmosphere of the Court, or in the beautiful country-seat of the family at Gorhambury. There among the woods and meadows, with flowers and birds for his daily playmates, Francis learned his first lessons of that communion with nature that was hereafter to bear such fruit.

Fair and graceful, well-born and carefully nurtured, noticed by the great folks of the day, and called by the Queen herself her "young Lord Keeper," what brighter opening could his life have had?

When he was twelve years old, and Anthony fourteen, they went together to Cambridge, and

Walker & Cockerell

FRANCIS BACON

studied at Trinity under Whitgift, who was then Master of the College, and afterwards became Archbishop of Canterbury.

Later on, Francis went to Paris, and while he was there the death of his father took place, and he was thus, on the very threshold of his career, thrown almost entirely upon his own resources.

Not only had the Lord Keeper very little to leave to his younger son, but Francis lost by his death the natural introduction to public life which he needed, and which, had Sir Nicholas lived, would have been his by right.

He returned from France immediately, and entered at Gray's Inn, where for many years he and his brother lived in rooms together. Anthony, too, was poor, for Sir Nicholas had been married twice, and his property had passed to his eldest son by the first marriage.

Lady Ann and her two sons were devotedly attached to each other, though her stern self-controlled nature, with its deep religious sense, trained as she had been in a strictly Calvinistic household, made her a great contrast to her pleasure-loving and tolerant-minded sons.

They lived in London, she at Gorhambury, among her plants and her poultry, and many a letter she wrote them, of dictatorial motherly

counsel, injunctions against late suppers, unwholesome diet, and tardy risings in the morning, accompanied by gifts from her larder, such as pigeons and home-brewed beer.

The brothers were certainly delicate, and both appear to have inclined towards habits of self-indulgence and extravagance, and want of money seemed to be an ever-present evil with them. Indeed, considering the well-paid positions which Francis Bacon held for so many years, the regularity of his life, and his absence of family ties, it seems difficult to explain the fact of his being all his life in want of money, and even having twice been arrested for debt.

Lord Burghley was his uncle by marriage, Lady Burghley being the sister of Lady Ann Bacon, and Francis evidently hoped great things from this connection with the powerful minister. Why his hopes were not realised is hard to explain; it seems strange to us who look back through the clear light of history to see, in an age when men of ability rose so easily to power, the brilliant, amiable, courtly Bacon, living on with his sickly brother in their cramped routine at Gray's Inn, putting forth from time to time such literary work as had never before been seen in England, and yet sueing so long unsuccessfully

to his uncle and others to put him into an office where he might "eat a piece of bread."

Whether he sued too humbly—for then, as now, men were taken at their own valuation—whether he was personally disliked by his uncle, or whether the shrewd statesman distrusted his philosophical ideas and his New Learning, we cannot tell, but the fact remains, that where many rose into power and wealth whose abilities could in no way compare with those of Bacon, we see him begging for posts year after year, and when at last he attained to the position of authority he sought, it was by persistent importunity, which in our eyes seems inconsistent with the lofty doctrines which his writings breathe in every page. His great friend and supporter at Court was Essex; imperious, arrogant, and overbearing as the Earl was in many ways, to Bacon he always proved himself a loyal friend. He craved advancement for him from the Queen so urgently, indeed, that she grew angry at the idea that even so beloved a friend as Essex should presume to dictate to her.

In April 1594 the Attorney-Generalship, for which Bacon had urgently begged, and which Essex had done his best to procure for him, was given to Coke, for long Bacon's legal rival and after this almost his personal enemy.

Coke was Attorney-General, and Bacon continued his old life; speaking in Parliament, producing the books which keep his memory green to all time, and living the most uncomfortable kind of life, that which is straitened for want of means, and lacks an established position. He had lost by death both his brother and Lady Ann, and his kindly nature, which no want of worldly success seemed to sour, turned to make fresh ties.

In 1606 he married Alice Barnham, one of the four daughters of a worthy London citizen, whose widow had become the wife of a jovial country knight, Sir John Pakington.

One of the brightest pictures in Bacon's shadowed life is that of his wedding in the fairest month of the year, and of the ride through country lanes to the church of St. Marylebone. He is clad in purple from head to foot, including even his velvet cap and shoes, and his young bride rides beside him in her brave array of white, embroidered heavily with gold and silver, and attended by her three gay young sisters, and her cheery stepfather. Of his subsequent married life we know hardly anything, nor from the perusal of his "Essay on Love" are we led to think that his matrimonial happiness was great. He hardly

ever mentions his wife, and in his will only makes a scanty provision for her. Possibly he was attracted by her youthful beauty and freshness, but a man with Bacon's nature, and in such a career as his, required something more in his wife than grace and beauty.

In 1600 came the trial and fall of Essex, and nothing seems to make comprehensible the fact that Bacon allowed himself to be chosen as lawyer to plead against his former friend and patron, the one man who had always loyally stood by him.

But so it was; he may have been overcome by fear of displeasing the despotic Queen, who with advancing age could less brook the smallest opposition to her wishes, but the fact remains that Essex was condemned to death, largely through the instrumentality of Bacon. It is a blot upon his memory which nothing can efface, and for which there seems no kinder explanation than that of moral cowardice. But what seems even less generous than his speech against his friend while living, is that he allowed himself to be chosen to write the account of the charges against the gallant but ill-fated earl, and of their supposed justification, after he had suffered his tragic fate upon the block.

Bacon justified himself in this as he did in all his conduct, or rather he did not seem to see that any justification was necessary. His belief in the worth of his own work, and the importance of his being sufficiently well placed in the world to carry it on properly, was such that it overcame all other feelings: he wanted wealth and power, not for their own sake, but to enable him to devote himself to the great task of spreading the New Learning of which he held the key. That seems to have been his position, and he seemed to hold all right and justifiable which tended to this end. It was not personal gratification he desired, or advancement for his own sake, he had a lofty aim in view, but he never seemed to see the crookedness of the paths by which he struggled towards it.

In his letter to Essex before his condemnation, he writes: "I humbly pray you to believe that I aspire to the conscience and commendation, first, of *bonus civis*, which with us is a good and true servant to the Queen, and next, of *bonus vir*, that is an honest man."

But the trial went its way; Essex suffered his fate, and Bacon received £1200 from the fines which fell vacant by his death. "The Queen has done something for me," he writes to one of his

creditors, "though not in the proportion I had hoped."

Great political changes took place in the next few years; Elizabeth laid down the sceptre she had borne with honour for more than forty years, and Scottish James reigned in her stead.

Burghley, too, was gone, and by his son, Robert Cecil, Bacon seemed never to have been valued. But yet now for a time honours fell thick upon him. Two days before the coronation of James he was knighted at Whitehall, though only in company with three hundred others; on the 25th of June 1607, he was appointed Solicitor-General, and six years later he became Attorney-General, at the age of fifty-two. And yet his idea of his own position is still the same, that the posts for which he had begged with unwearied assiduity, and to which he had at length attained, are but a means to an end.

"For myself," he writes in a Latin "Proem" on the *Interpretation of Nature*, "my heart, is not set upon any of those things which depend upon external accidents. I am not hunting for fame: I have no desire to found a sect, after the fashion of heresiarchs; and to look for any private gain from such an undertaking as this, I count both ridiculous and base. Enough for me the con-

sciousness of well-deserving, and those real and effectual results with which Fortune itself cannot interfere."

He was now in favour at Court; the King trusted him, and he seemed on the best of terms with the Duke of Buckingham, to whom "he professed the most sincere devotion."

On the 7th of March 1617, he was made Chancellor, and wrote thus to the Duke:—

"My dearest Lord,—It is both in cares and kindness that small ones float up to the tongue, and great ones sink down into the heart with silence. Therefore I could speak little to your Lordship to-day, neither had I fit time: but I must profess thus much, that in this day's work you are the truest and perfectest mirror and example of firm and generous friendship that ever was in Court. And I shall count every day lost wherein I shall not either study your well-doing in thought, or do your name honour in speech, or perform you service in deed. Good, my Lord, account and accept me, your most bounden and devoted friend and servant of all men living,

"Fr. Bacon, C.S."

And yet it did not seem long since he had written to Essex, then the Court favourite, "For

your Lordship, I do think myself more beholding to you than to any man. And I say, I reckon myself as a *common* (not popular but common); and as much as is lawful to be enclosed of a common, so much your Lordship shall be sure to have. Your Lordship's to obey your honourable commands, more settled than ever."

In 1618 Bacon became Lord Chancellor, and was created Baron Verulam, and two years later Viscount St. Albans. So his long struggle for worldly advancement was crowned with success, and for a few years he enjoyed the position for which his abilities so well fitted him. Then came the end, and his fall, so sudden and so complete that even at this distance of time it startles and bewilders one to read of it. Nor is it easy to explain fully.

It began by an inquiry of the House of Commons into the conduct of the "Referees" who had been employed to certify to the legality of the Crown patents which had been much abused. Of these Referees the Lord Chancellor was the chief. This inquiry led to others. Bacon had many rivals, and several enemies in high places, of whom the chief was Coke, who now used all his influence against him.

The blame gradually came to be shifted on to

Bacon's shoulders, and the inquiry became a personal one as to his conduct. He was accused of corrupt dealing as a judge ; the charges swelled and swelled until they reached a formidable magnitude. He was accused of taking large bribes from suitors while the suits were pending, and the strange thing seemed to be that this was the case, and that Bacon seemed always to have acquiesced in the system which then existed. It seemed as if, although he only did as others of his time had done, he alone was to suffer because to him alone had been given the insight of genius by which he might have risen above the corrupt morality of his age.

However that may be, and however incomprehensible it is even now to our minds, the inquiry meant to him nothing less than political ruin. And this although no charge of wrong judgment was brought against him. And the strangest part of all seems to us that Bacon made no effort to answer or to refute the charges. He simply bent before his judges, stunned and overwhelmed, confessing, bewailing, entreating for mercy. His sentence was indeed severe. He was fined £40,000, though such sentences then were rarely fully carried out. He was to be imprisoned in the Tower, which was what he appeared to dread

more than anything else, and he was no longer to have the right to sit in Parliament, or to hold any office under Government, or to come within a certain distance of the Court. Buckingham was the one man who pleaded for lighter treatment, and spoke of the illness from which Bacon was then suffering, and it was he who procured his release from the Tower after a few days' confinement there. From the Tower Bacon writes to him :—

"GOOD MY LORD,—Procure the warrant for my discharge this day. Death, I thank God, is so far from being unwelcome to me, as I have called for it (as Christian resolution would permit) any time these two months. But to die before the time of his Majesty's grace, and in this disgraceful place, is even the worst that could be; and when I am dead, he is gone that was always in one tenor, a true and perfect servant to his master; and one that was never author of immoderate, no, nor unsafe, no (I will say it) nor unfortunate counsel; and one that no temptation could ever make other than a trusty, and honest, and thrice-loving friend to your Lordship; and (howsoever I acknowledge the sentence just, and for reformation sake fit) the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time.

"God bless and prosper your Lordship, whatsoever become of me.—Your Lordship's true friend, living and dying, FR. ST. ALBAN.

"TOWER, 31st *May* 1621."

Five years longer this wonderful life lasted. He had made full confession; he might write that he felt the "sentence just and fit, for reformation sake," and yet, to the last, he never seemed to feel himself disgraced, or beyond the pale of employment by the Crown.

But his public life was over; it had begun with the fairest promise, and had run a chequered uphill course till it seemed at last to have reached the "shining table-land of success," and this made only more overwhelming the gloom of shame and dishonour that enshrouded its close.

The last five years of his life he spent in ever busy efforts to regain something of what he had lost, and also in bringing out his great Latin work, the *Novum Organum*. His strong religious sense kept him cheerful and patient even in dire adversity. But the end was near.

In March 1626, while travelling on a cold day, he desired to make an experiment on the power of snow to arrest decay in flesh. He dismounted

from his coach, bought a hen from a poor woman, and with his own hands stuffed it with snow. But the quaint experiment cost him his life. He was seized with a violent chill, and was taken to the neighbouring house of Lord Arundel, where he died on Easter Day, April 9th, 1626.

The most loving personal description we have of him is that left by his chaplain, Dr. Rawley, who writes, "That if there were a beam of knowledge derived from God upon any man in these modern times, it was upon him." He talks of his charm in personal intercourse and conversation, so that "I have known some," he says, "of no mean parts, that have professed to make use of their note-books when they have risen from his table. In which conversations, and otherwise, he was no dashing [one to dash, *i.e.* intimidate others] man, as some men are, but ever a countenancer and fosterer of another man's parts. Neither was he one that would appropriate the speech wholly to himself, or delight to outtire others, but leave a liberty to the co-assessors to take their turns. Wherein he would draw a man on, and allure him to speak upon such a subject, as wherein he was particularly skilful, and would delight to speak. And for himself, he contemned no man's observations, but would light his torch at every man's candle.

"This lord was religious, . . . as appeareth by several passages throughout the whole current of his writings. Otherwise he should have crossed his own principles, which were, *That a little philosophy maketh men apt to forget God, as attributing too much to second causes; but the depth of philosophy bringeth a man back to God again.*

"He repaired frequently, when his health would permit him, to the service of the Church, to hear sermons, to the administration of the Sacrament of the blessed body and blood of Christ; and died in the true faith, established in the Church of England."

Whatever may be said against Bacon, none can deny that he was a most industrious literary worker, and this industry continued to the end of his life. It is not possible to look at that life without seeing its many shortcomings, but, as Dean Church says, "it is not too much to say that in temper, in honesty, in labour, in humility, in reverence, he was the most perfect example that the world had yet seen of the student of nature, the enthusiast for knowledge."

His New Philosophy was given to the world first in "The Advancement of Learning," published in 1605, and later on, in fuller form, in the *Novum Organum*, published in 1620, in

Latin, which language he preferred for literary work.

His great idea was that men should put aside all vague scientific speculations, and approach all knowledge through the careful study of facts and observation. He did not go far himself on the road of scientific study, but he pointed out a new and truer method for future students than the existing speculative philosophy. His "History of Henry VII." shows also in the method of studying history a great advance upon the older mere chronicle style.

But his best known works will always be the "Essays," which were published in three editions. The first edition was the earliest of his published works, and came out in 1597, containing ten essays; the second edition, in 1612, contained forty, and the full number, fifty-eight, came out in the third edition, in 1625.

These essays contain wisdom sufficient for a man's lifetime, and delivered in short, pithy sentences, with an absence of ordinary style, that only make them the more impressive. Their wisdom is most cynical, as in the two on Love and Marriage, but also most practical, as in his words on "Expence." "A man had need, if he be Plentifull, in sòme kind of Expence, to be as

Saving againe in some other. As if he be Plentifull in Diet, to be Saving in Apparell: If he be Plentifull in the Hall, to be saving in the Stable: And the like. For he that is Plentifull in Expences of all kindes, will hardly be preserved from Decay." And most applicable are those words to his own career. He was not a great thinker, or a great scientific discoverer, but he was the man who popularised knowledge for the ages that came after him.

And the truest and saddest criticism of his life is to be found in his own words to his friend, Sir Thomas Bodley, which he repeated again later in the form of a prayer, "Knowing myself by inward calling to be fitter to hold a book than to play a part, I have led my life in civil causes, for which I was not very fit by nature, and more unfit by the preoccupation of my mind."

CHAPTER VII

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY

No two lives could form a more striking contrast than those of Francis Bacon and Philip Sidney. The one, living to see the world's recognition and admiration, for which he had toiled so long and wearily, taken from him at the end, and to see his sun set, amid shadows of gloom and disappointment; the other basking from his childhood, throughout his short life, in such "favour with man" as has been rare in any age, and when his sun "set at noonday," leaving passionate love and admiration behind him as his heritage for ever.

In an old MS. Psalter, now in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, we find this entry of his birth: "The nativitie of Phillippe Sydney, sonne and heire of Sr Henrie Sydney, Knighte, and the Lady Marie his wyfe, eldest daughter of John, duke of Northumb., was one Fryday in the morning, Annis R. Regis Philippi et Marie R. Regine primo et secundo et anno D'ni, milesimo quinqentessimo, quinquagesimo quarto. His god-

fathers were the greate King, Phillippe, King of Spaine, and the noble John Russell, erle of Bedford. And his godmother, the most vertuous Ladie Jane, Duchesse of Northum., his grandmother."

Fair as was the prospect that opened before the child, born of noble and high-minded parents, in the beautiful old house of Penshurst, among the pleasant hills of Kent, there were dark shadows of the past to which the last entry in the baptismal register bore witness.

"The most vertuous Ladie Jane," alike godmother and grandmother to the little Philip, had seen her husband, her son Guildford, and her gentle daughter-in-law Lady Jane Grey, pass in turn to their doom upon the scaffold, only one short year before the birth of her little grandson.

No gentler, more gracious lady in Elizabeth's time appears before us than Lady Jane's daughter, the Lady Mary Sidney, child of the stricken house of Northumberland, and sister to the ill-fated Guildford, and to the brilliant Court favourite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester.

Philip's love for his parents, for Sir Henry Sidney (his bluff, honest, independent father), and for his sweet and kindly mother, was strong throughout his life, and it is a part of the romantic and picturesque completeness of that life that

Sir Philip Sidney

father, mother, and son passed away within six months of one another.

A kindly and unselfish life must have been that of Lady Mary, willingly spent in the service of husband, children, and queen, and sacrificing even her beauty for the sake of Elizabeth, whom she tended through a severe attack of small-pox, which left the devoted nurse badly marked for life.

Philip was the eldest of seven children, of whom two died in infancy, and one, Ambrozia, in girlhood. His two brothers, Robert and Thomas, were both serving with him in the Netherlands at the time of his death, and his sister Mary, to whom he was devotedly attached, and who seems to have resembled him in many ways, married Henry, the Earl of Pembroke.

His father, Sir Henry, was one of the most faithful and least courtier-like of Elizabeth's servants. He had been Governor and companion to Edward VI. when Prince of Wales, and the boy-king had died in his arms. The Queen trusted him, for none could mistrust the righteous dealing of the sturdy old knight, but he possessed few of the elegant courtesies the Queen loved, and she never showed him much personal favour. He held the offices in turn of Lord Deputy of Ireland, and Lord

President of the Marches of Wales, and bitterly did she resent his expenditure in the former unhappy country, where no amount of expenditure seemed to produce much appreciable result.

While Lord President of Wales, and therefore living at Ludlow Castle, Sir Henry sent his sons to school at Shrewsbury, and there Philip made the friendship with Fulke Greville which lasted throughout his life.

Philip must have been a most engaging boy ; to his personal beauty all his biographers testify, his straight, well chiselled features, clear dark eyes, and waving auburn hair ; and his character must have inherited much of the kindly sweetness of his mother's, and yet had beneath it a fire of originality that must quickly have made itself felt in the boy-world of Shrewsbury. Greville speaks of him in his school-days as "never other than a man ; with such staidness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk ever of knowledge, and his very play tending to enrich his mind. So as even his teachers found something to observe and learn above that which they had usually read or taught."

Grave, he must have been, according to our ideas of boyhood, but in such a nature as his the

spirit of the times and the tragic fate of his mother's family might well produce gravity!

He had the advantage of loving sympathy from both his parents in his school-life, as is shown in the letter which Sir Henry sent to him at Shrewsbury, and to which Lady Mary adds a postscript. Surely no modern father could improve upon its wise and kindly advice to a dearly loved son at a public school?

"This is my first letter that ever I did write to you," he says, "and I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care for you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary act, and at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself shall put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do in that time. Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you earnestly; and the time I know he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning

and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter ; and judgment will grow as years groweth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture and affable to all men. . . . Use moderate diet, so as after your meal you may find your wit fresher and not duller, and your body more lively and not more heavy. . . . Use exercise of body, yet such as is without peril of your joints or bones ; it will increase your force and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly. . . . Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father if you find not yourself most able in wit and body and to do anything when you be most merry ; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. Be you rather a hearer and bearer away of other men's talk than a beginner and procurer of speech ; otherwise you shall be counted to delight to hear yourself speak. . . . Never let

oath be heard to come out of your mouth nor word of ribaldry; detest it in others; so shall custom make to yourself a law against it in yourself. . . . Above all things, tell no untruth; no, not in trifles: the custom of it is naughty. . . . Study and endeavour yourself to be virtuously occupied, so shall you make such a habit of well-doing in you that you shall not know how to do evil though you would. . . . Well, my little Philip, this is enough for me, and too much, I fear, for you. . . . Your loving father, so long as you live in the fear of God, H. SIDNEY."

Could any advice be more appropriate to a public school-boy in any age than this letter? And the same loving wisdom and interest in their dearly-loved son breathes through gentle Lady Mary's note:—

"I bless you with my desire to God to plant in you His grace, and warn you to have always before the eyes of your mind those excellent counsels of my lord, your dear father, and that you fail not continually once in four or five days to read them over. . . . See that you show yourself a loving, obedient scholar to your good master, and that my lord and I may hear that you profit so in your learning as thereby you

may increase our loving care of you. . . . Farewell, my little Philip, and once again the Lord bless you.—Your loving mother,

"MARY SIDNEY."

From Shrewsbury, the "little Philip," when only fourteen, went to Christ Church, where he met the second of his two great friends, Edward Dyer, best remembered as the author of the famous line, "My mind to me a kingdom is."

At Oxford he stayed for three years, and then left, as was often the custom then, without taking his degree, and went abroad to make the grand tour.

Little did the kindly parents think, when planning the advantage of a foreign trip for their beloved son, that they were sending him to witness the most terrible act of religious persecution that had ever taken place in modern times!

With a letter of introduction from his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, to Sir Francis Walsingham, the English Ambassador in Paris, and afterwards Philip's father-in-law, the young man arrived in the French capital. Only a few months after his coming the massacre of St. Bartholomew took place, and Paris and the surrounding country ran

red with the blood of hundreds of loyal Huguenot subjects. This awful experience, when his own life was only saved by his taking refuge in the English Embassy, left an impression which never faded from the mind of young Philip Sidney. It is seen over and over again in his strong adherence to the reformed religion and his opposition to the old Roman Catholicism, and also in his antagonism, which not even royal displeasure could weaken, to Queen Elizabeth's marriage with one of the reigning house of France.

Such was the lasting effect on his mind of that terrible night of August 24th, 1572. The Court of England went into mourning, and Rome resounded with services of thanksgiving!

Sidney continued his tour, and at Frankfort met the French professor, Lanquet, with whom he kept up a close friendship until his death.

At Venice the great painter Paolo Veronese painted his portrait, and so he wandered on, from city to city, storing up a wealth of knowledge for the future, and winning friends everywhere by the gracious sweetness of his disposition.

But this time of travel, delightful as it must have been to such a man, could not last for ever, and when he was twenty-one, Philip returned to the Court of Elizabeth, there to be its brightest

ornament, and the comfort and stay of his good parents, whose services were but ill-requited by the parsimonious Queen.

But the atmosphere of the Court was distasteful to the young knight; he had always been grave beyond his years, and his experience in Paris had shown him life in its most terribly realistic forms, so that we can understand his feeling little sympathy with the showy and frivolous sides of Court routine in which Elizabeth delighted.

But she kept him at her side as one of her royal pensioners, and he accompanied her on many of her progresses, including that to Kenilworth, where she was fêted by Leicester with such magnificence.

As was the case with most of the favourites of Elizabeth, Philip was constantly in need of money; Court favour was an expensive luxury to keep up; even in the matter of presents to his royal mistress it meant from the young knight such costly New Year's gifts as a golden heart, a golden chain, and a whip with a golden handle.

Sir Henry Sidney's income had chiefly gone in maintaining his official position, and he had little to spare for the help of his three sons; and the marriage of his uncle, the Earl of Leicester, or rather, the fact of that marriage being made

public, interfered with Philip's credit, as he had always been supposed to be his uncle's heir.

His great wish was for some employment abroad, but the Queen liked to keep her more accomplished gentlemen at her side, and for some time he was obliged to be content with the duties of a "carpet-knight."

However, in the early part of the year 1577, he was chosen by the Queen to carry her congratulations to the Emperor Rudolph II. on his accession, and before his return he had an interview with William the Silent, who spoke of him as "one of the ripest and greatest counsellors of estate that at this day lived in Europe"—high praise to so young a man from such a judge as the stern Prince of Orange.

Sidney returned once more to the life of the English Court, where Elizabeth showed him such favour and affection as his father's years of faithful service had never drawn from her. But her favour was severely tried when Philip set himself to oppose her marriage with the Duke of Anjou, brother to the French king, and heir-presumptive to his throne. The Duke was a Roman Catholic, and memories of the night of the Huguenot massacre doubtless strengthened Philip's opposition to the match. His uncle, Leicester,

was also against it, though from less lofty motives ; but the Earl was at this time out of favour with the Queen on account of the deed she could least brook among her favourites, that of his marriage. The chief furtherer of the proposed match among the English nobles was the unprincipled and reckless Earl of Oxford, and he and Sidney were sworn foes. Fulke Greville gives a quaint account of a quarrel which took place between them in 1579, and which only the personal influence of the Queen saved from resulting in a duel.

The quarrel began in a tennis-court, where Philip was playing, when the Earl entered and ordered him roughly to vacate the court. This Philip refused to do, and each grew angry, for Philip's temper was hot when roused ; then the Earl did, as Fulke Greville writes, "scornfully call Sir Philip by the name of *puppy*. In which progress of heat," he goes on to say, "as the tempest grew more and more vehement within, so did their hearts breathe out their perturbations in a more loud and shrill accent. The French Commissioners, unfortunately, had that day audience in those private galleries, whose windows looked into the tennis-court. They instantly drew all to this tumult : every sort of quarrels sorting well with their humours, especially this. Which

Sir Philip perceiving, and rising with an inward strength by the prospect of a mighty faction against him, asked my lord with a loud voice that which he heard clearly enough before. Who (like an echo that still multiplies by reflections) repeated this epithet of *puppy* the second time. Sir Philip, resolving in one answer to conclude both the attentive hearers and passionate actor, gave my lord a lie."

But it was Philip who first remembered "the foreign and factious spirits that attended, and, yet even in this question between him and his superior, tender of his country's honour, with some words of sharp accent, led the way abruptly out of the tennis-court."

Here, and in other cases, Philip showed that he had a fiery temper when roused, but the serenity of his nature was such that he usually kept his passions well under control.

His feelings against the French marriage were so strong, and his nature was so incapable of being awed, even by the mighty Elizabeth, into acquiescence in what his conscience disapproved, that he drew up a memorial upon the subject, expressing his views clearly and boldly. This he presented to the Queen, addressing her as "Most Feared and Beloved, Most Sweet and

Gracious Sovereign," and offering no excuse for his plain speaking, or, as he writes, "carrying no other olive branch of intercession than the laying of myself at your feet; nor no other insinuation, either for attention or pardon, but the true vowed sacrifice of unfeigned love."

But plain speaking, especially on the subject of her oft-projected matrimonial alliances, was ill-brooked by Elizabeth, even from one so high in her favour as Sidney, and he was obliged to retire from Court for more than half a year.

It was about this time that his literary work seems chiefly to have been done. It comprised the "Arcadia," a romance, "Astrophel and Stella," a Sonnet Series, interspersed with songs, and an able and brilliant essay entitled "The Defence of Poesy." His works were not published during his lifetime, for he seemed to think but meanly of his own literary gifts, but the world has judged otherwise.

The "Arcadia" is a lengthy tale, involved and somewhat heavy, to modern ideas, but it was a favourite romance for a long time, and there is much in it to be admired by all students of literature. It was written while staying with his sister Mary, the Countess of Pembroke, and is dedicated to her.

The name Arcadia, and the idea of the happy pastoral country, was taken by Sidney from the writings of the Italian Sannazzaro, but the characters with which he peopled the land were his own creations.

The sad shepherd, Phillisides, is himself, under a Latinised form of his own name. The story is that of two devoted cousins, Musidorus, Prince of Thessalia, and Pyrocles, Prince of Macedon, who passed through most of the adventures of mediæval romance. The scene opens with a shipwreck, Pyrocles is carried off by pirates, and Musidorus is led by two shepherds to the fair land of Arcadia, where "there were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees: humble vallies, whose bare estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers: meadows enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; . . . each pasture stored with sheep, . . . here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old: there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music."

The Prince of this fair land has two daughters Pamela and Philoclea, both beautiful and virtuous maidens, who eventually wed the two wandering

princes, after many terrible adventures and complications; but the finest thing in the whole romance is the prayer which Sidney puts into the mouth of Pamela in her imprisonment, and which is said to have been used on the scaffold by Charles I. It might almost have been composed for that tragic scene. "O All-seeing Light and Eternal Life of all things, to whom nothing is either so great that it may resist, or so small that it is contemned, look upon my misery with Thine eye of mercy, and let Thine infinite power vouchsafe to limit out some proportion of deliverance unto me, as to Thee shall seem most convenient. Let not injury, O Lord, triumph over me, and let my faults by Thy hand be corrected, and make not my unjust enemy the minister of Thy justice. But yet, my God, if, in Thy wisdom, this be the aptest chastisement for my inexcusable folly, if this low bondage be fitted for my over high desires, if the pride of my not enough humble heart be thus to be broken, O Lord, I yield unto Thy will, and joyfully embrace what sorrow Thou wilt have me suffer. Only thus much let me crave of Thee: let my craving, O Lord, be accepted of Thee, since even that proceeds from Thee; let me crave, even by the noblest title which in my greatest affliction I

may give myself, that I am Thy creature, and by Thy goodness, which is Thyself, that Thou wilt suffer some beam of Thy majesty so to shine into my mind that it may still depend confidently on Thee. Let calamity be the exercise, but not the overthrow of my virtue ; let their power prevail, but prevail not to destruction. Let my greatness be their prey ; let my pain be the sweetness of their revenge; let them, if so it seem good unto Thee, vex me with more and more punishment ; but, O Lord, let never their wickedness have such a hand, but that I may carry a pure mind in a pure body."

This prayer we give in full, partly on account of its devotional beauty, and partly as a specimen of the simplicity and grace of Sidney's writing.

There is much that is beautiful and rhythmical in the sonnets of "Astrophel and Stella," and much of the passion of true love poetry. They are addressed to Penelope Devereux, who was betrothed to Sidney, but instead of marrying him became the wife of a worldly and bad man, Lord Rich. There seems no very clear reason why the earlier marriage did not take place, especially as the Earl of Essex, Penelope's father, was in favour of it. The most general view seems to be that Sidney was busied in other matters, and only discovered

his real feelings towards Penelope when she was beyond his reach.

These sonnets and lyrics are a study in themselves, and ill bear scattered quotations: the best known probably is that beginning, "My true love hath my heart," but as a specimen, we will give that in which he begs for the gift of sleep, that he may lose, for a time, the sense of his own grief.

"Come, sleep! O sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The waiting-place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
Th' indifferent judge between the high and low!
With shield of proof shield me from out the press
Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease;
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,
A chamber deaf of noise and blind of light,
A rosy garland and a weary head;
And if these things, as being thine in right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me,
Livelier than elsewhere, Stella's image see."

"The Defence of Posey" is a masterly essay, couched in pure and beautiful language; Sidney's ideal of the poet is a lofty one, and his illustration all the more forcible from its homely simplicity. The poet "commeth to you," he says, "with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney-corner; and, pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness

to virtue." And of the historian he speaks as one who is "better acquainted with a thousand years ago, than with the present age, and yet better knowing how this world goeth, than how his own wit runneth ; curious for antiquities, and inquisitive of novelties ; a wonder to young folks, and a tyrant in table-talk."

Such were the works on which Sidney employed himself while absent from the Court, and which drew him near in close companionship to all the brilliant band of literary men growing up at the time. It was an age, indeed, of great Englishmen. Spenser was born but one year, and Raleigh two years before Sidney. With Spenser Sidney must have had much in common, and of Raleigh's New World he longed to be an explorer, but this the despotic Queen would not allow, though he went so near it as to go on board with Sir Francis Drake, in the hope of sailing with him. But Elizabeth thought that her courtiers were best at Court, and for a time she had him home again.

In 1583 she knighted him, and in September of the same year he married Frances Walsingham, whose father had been ambassador in Paris at the time of the Huguenot massacre.

Of the marriage we know little, except that a

daughter was born to him two years before his death, and that his wife was with him at the end.

In 1585 the Queen made up her mind to send troops to the assistance of the Netherlands against Spain, and these she sent under the command of the Earl of Leicester. His nephew Sidney was to accompany him, and was to hold the post of Governor of Flushing.

That last year of his life is the best known. First came the short military triumph, in which he led the worn and half-starved soldiers, already stationed in the country, to the successful storming of the little town of Axel, and was rewarded by receiving the rank of Colonel.

Then on the 13th of August the English and their allies surrounded the town of Zutphen by land and water. News reached them that a convoy of provisions was on its way to the besieged city, and on the morning of the 22nd Sidney rode out at the head of two hundred men to surprise and cut off the supplies. The thick mist of early morning covered the ground, and when it suddenly dispersed the little band of English found themselves face to face with a thousand horsemen, and full in firing range of the town. Again and again they charged ; Sidney's horse was killed under him, and he took another ; in the third charge he was wounded by a

bullet in the left leg, which broke the bone and lodged in the thigh; his horse took fright, and galloped from the field, and he was presently carried to his uncle's station.

It was while being taken there that the incident occurred with which his memory is always linked. His friend, Fulke Greville, tells the gallant tale: "In which sad progress, passing along by the rest of the army, where his uncle the General was, and being thirstie with excess of bleeding, he called for drink, which was presently brought him; but as he was putting the bottle to his mouth, he saw a poor Souldier carryed along, who had eaten his last at the same Feast, gastly casting up his eyes at the bottle. Which Sir Philip perceiving, took it from his head, before he drank, and delivered it to the poor man, with these words, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.'"

Verily the cup of cold water given for the love of Christ! And with this last act of Christian chivalry Sidney passes from the stage of public life.

But as heroic in its way as that unfading deed of charity, was the patient courage with which for three weeks he lay upon his bed of pain at Arnheim. With the skill of modern surgery his wound would probably have been quickly healed,

but it was otherwise in those days ; and we shrink from the thought of the repeated operations, so bravely borne, by which the doctors sought to save him.

His wife was with him, and his two brothers, and his spiritual adviser and friend, George Gifford.

He longed to live, and sent a pathetic little letter to another of his friends, John Wier, a celebrated physician, begging him to come to him without delay.

"Mi Wiere, veni, veni.—De vitâ periclitor et te cupio. Nec vivus, nec mortuus, ero ingratus. Plura non possum, sed obnixe oro ut festines. Vale.—Tuus, Ph. Sidney."

"My dear Friend Wier,—Come, come. I am in peril of my life, and long for you. Neither living nor dead shall I be ungrateful. I cannot write more, but beg you urgently to hurry. Farewell.—Yours, Ph. Sidney."

But Wier arrived too late.

Sidney's mind was active to the last ; he made his will, and took leave of his friends, bidding farewell to his weeping brother Robert in the famous words, "Love my memory, cherish my

friends ; their faith in me may assure you they are honest. But above all, govern your will and affections by the will and word of your Creator ; in me beholding the end of this world with all her vanities."

His great wish was to pass away in full possession of his senses, and this was granted to him. He had fought against the fear of death, and overcome it, and shortly before the end he said to Gifford, "I would not exchange my joy for the empire of the world."

When his friend, kneeling at his side, saw that speech was passed, he whispered in his ear, "Sir, if you can hear what I say, and if you still have your inward joy and consolation in God, hold up your hand."

And the dying knight raised both hands to heaven, in token of that joy which had been with him throughout the whole of his short life, and which did not fail him at the end.

So died Sir Philip Sidney, the most perfect Christian knight of the Court of Queen Elizabeth.

He was mourned with passionate grief throughout England, and his body was borne with military honours to his ship the *Black Prince*, and so taken back to London, and amid a sorrowing crowd he was laid to rest in the church of old St. Paul's,

where now there spreads above his ashes "the dome of the golden cross."

Of the many lines to his memory, none form a more fitting farewell than those written by his friend Sir Walter Raleigh :—

"England doth hold thy limbs, that bred the same ;
Flanders thy valour, where it last was tried ;
The camp thy sorrow, where thy body died ;
Thy friends thy want ; the world thy virtues' fame."

CHAPTER VIII

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

THE stage on which men played their part in the age of Elizabeth seems to grow wider as we study the history of the time.

We have Sir Thomas Gresham, in his busy world of finance, working out problems for the good of his fellow-citizens, in a world that went no farther than the distance from London to Antwerp ; then we have Bacon, in his effort to rise always into the larger life of European politics ; and Sidney, who bore abroad the ideal of English chivalry, and laid down his life upon a foreign battle-field ; and beyond them all, forth into a land which his genius discovered, and from which his heart never swerved, moved the figure of Sir Walter Raleigh.

If Sidney were the true picture of the Elizabethan soldier-hero, Raleigh was its ideal sailor.

Sea-bred from his youth, on the wild Devonshire coast, and with the influence of his famous half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, to quicken his

natural taste, he heard the music of sea-waves from his boyhood, and their influence was strong upon him throughout his life.

To found a New England beyond the sea, that was his ambition ; a colony that would grow, as ours of later days have done, to be a constant source of wealth to the Mother-country, and a tower of strength to her in times of peril. And side by side with this grand dream of his—for it became little more in his day than a dream—was his other great and prevailing feeling, that of intense hatred to the Spanish Empire.

These were the two ruling passions of Raleigh's life. His father—also Sir Walter Raleigh—was the owner of the manor-house, Hayes Barton, near Budleigh Salterton, on the south Devonshire coast, and there the younger Walter was reared among a large family of half-brothers, as his mother had been married once and his father twice before. His own brother, Carew Raleigh, was older than himself.

No home in England could have been better fitted to encourage thoughts of freedom and enterprise than the wild open moorlands, the rocky tors, and the tempting blue water of that Devonshire coast. As a child on the sea-shore he may have played beside Humphrey Gilbert, and learned

Walker & Cockerell

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

from him how to put into words the longings with which the sea filled his heart.

A handsome lad he must have been, with the proud bearing that he never lost ; tall, active, and well-knit in frame, with long straight nose, dark eyes, and thick, dark hair.

Perhaps his gifts were too many to make him altogether successful in life, but certainly few men have ever lived who possessed such versatility of genius.

He was both sailor and soldier ; explorer, in a sense far beyond that of a mere adventurer ; statesman, poet, historian, and alchemist ; so many-sided is his life, that it is almost bewildering to try to see it as a whole !

His ideas were in advance of his Age, and he had the misfortune to live into the reign of the Scotch James, by whom such a nature as his could never have been understood.

At the age of fourteen Walter Raleigh went to Oxford, and studied there at Oriel College, and probably also at Christ Church. Anthony à Wood tells us that Raleigh, being "strongly advanced by academical learning at Oxford, under the care of an excellent tutor, became the ornament of the juniors, and a proficient in oratory and philosophy."

From Oxford he went abroad, and fought in

France under the banner of the Huguenots, and later in the Netherlands, and after some time spent in London, at the Court, he went on one of Humphrey Gilbert's expeditions to America in 1578.

Two years later he led a band of a hundred men to join in the subjugation of Munster, which was being attempted by the ministers of the Queen in the high-handed style of the day. Elizabeth was alarmed at the Irish having received help from Spain, and the result was the terrible massacre of the Spanish garrison of Smerwick, at which Raleigh was present and in which he assisted.

But a pleasanter feature in his Irish life than the harsh measures which he always advocated towards the Queen's foes was his friendship with his great contemporary, the poet Edmund Spenser, who had come to Ireland as secretary to the Lord Deputy, Earl Grey, and whom now Raleigh met for the first time.

Men were both poets and soldiers at that time, and it is a curious contrast to think of Raleigh and Spenser discussing such themes as the "Faerie Queene" and "Colin Clout" in the intervals of doing their best to exterminate the wretched peasant population of Munster.

There were no half measures in the warfare of Elizabeth's time.

On Raleigh's return to Court his favour with the Queen increased rapidly. Among the personal tastes he shared with her was that of extravagance in dress, and even among the gorgeous figures of that Court he shone conspicuous in gold and jewellery, wearing even upon his shoes gems of priceless value.

Some of the tales of his intercourse with the exacting Virgin Queen are none the less suggestive that they are not quite authentic. The best known, as given by Fuller, is how "Her Majesty, meeting with a plashy place, made some scruple to go on; when Raleigh (dressed in the gay and genteel habit of those times) presently cast off and spread his new plush cloak on the ground, whereon the Queen trod gently over, rewarding him afterwards with suits for his so free and seasonable tender of so fair a footcloth." Whether accurate or not, this is just one of the pretty deeds of personal devotion by which the great men of the day were always ready to feed that most insatiable quality, the vanity of Queen Elizabeth.

In another story which Fuller tells, the Queen got the better of her courtier, for finding a

legend, cut by Sir Walter with his diamond ring upon a window-pane, which said—

"Fain would I climb, but that I fear to fall,"

Elizabeth inscribed beneath it the reply—

"If thy heart fail thee, then climb not at all."

His ready wit, his brilliancy, and his wide general knowledge made him such a companion as the Queen most prized, and he was first favourite at Court for some years, and suffered, just as Sidney did, from the inconvenience of the position, by being kept close to the side of his mistress, when he would fain have been up and doing further afield.

In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert started on his last expedition, and Raleigh longed to accompany him, but was allowed by the Queen to do no more than fit up a ship, which he christened the *Ark Raleigh*. Sir Humphrey never came home. On the return voyage, bad as the weather was, he insisted on sailing in the smaller of his two vessels—a mere boat, according to modern ideas, and quite unfit for the passage of the Atlantic: though a less prominent figure than Sidney on the grand stage of the time, his exit is hardly less fine. He was seen for the last time by the

crew of his larger ship, which survived, looking out undismayed over the face of the waters which were so soon to be his grave, and his last words have found an echo in the heart of many a shipwrecked mariner. "Be of good heart, my friends! Heaven is as near us by sea as by land," cried Sir Humphrey, as they drifted to their death on the cold Newfoundland coast.

Gilbert had held letters patent from the Queen for the colonisation of the east coast of America, and these were continued to his half-brother, Raleigh, who sent out two ships during the next year to explore the coast above Florida. The land they discovered the Queen called Virginia, in honour of her own state of life, though she was at the time a somewhat mature virgin of fifty-one!

These discoveries were dear to the heart of Elizabeth, for in three different ways they ministered to her wishes: they carried her name and fame beyond the seas; they brought her tribute in gold, and pearls "as large as peas," and her love of wealth increased each year; and they led to continual infringement of the rights of her enemy the King of Spain, who was the other great colonising power of the day.

Besides his ships fitted out from time to time for these voyages of exploration, Raleigh kept a small fleet of his own for purposes of commerce and privateering; with these he harassed and constantly robbed the Spanish treasure-ships coming to and from the Indies.

Towards the constant expense of these expeditions the Queen helped him in many ways. She granted him a licence to export the famous broadcloth made in his own west country; she gave him property in the south of Ireland, 12,000 acres of the land which had been taken from the Irish—forfeited land as it was called; she made him Lord Warden of the Stannaries, which meant that he had to do justice in Devonshire among his own people; and she made him Vice-Admiral of Cornwall and Devon; and at Court, Captain of the Queen's Guard. It was characteristic alike of her vanity and thrift that the last office was honorary, and was supposed to be its own reward.

Raleigh's great rival in the Queen's favour was Essex, at this time a handsome youth of twenty, kinsman to Elizabeth through her mother, and loved by her with a passionate fondness, something between the feeling of a lover and a grandmother.

Essex writes, "I told her (the Queen) that what she did was only to please that knave Raleigh, for whose sake I saw she would both grieve me and my love, and disgrace me in the eye of the world. From thence she came to speak of Raleigh; and it seemed she could not well endure anything to be spoken against him; and taking hold of my word 'disdain,' she said there was 'no such cause why I should disdain him.' . . . I spake, with grief and choler, as much against him as I could; and I think he, standing at the door, might very well hear the worst that I spoke of himself."

We can imagine how Raleigh, standing at the door as Captain of the Guard, in his gorgeous orange uniform, would ridicule and despise the jealousy of the passionate lad.

In 1585 he sent out seven vessels, commanded by his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, and they planted a small colony of 105 men on the island of Roanoake; but the next year Drake brought the colonists back to England, and with them they brought one of the chief gifts Englishmen owe to Raleigh—tobacco, and the knowledge of how to use it. Harrison, in his *Chronicle* of the time, says: "In these daies, the taking-in of the smoke of the Indian herbe called 'Tabaco,' by an instrument

formed like a little ladell, whereby it passeth from the mouth into the hed and stomach, is gretlie taken up and used in England, against Rewmes and some other diseases ingendred in the longes and inward partes, and not without effect." But tobacco, from the first, was used for enjoyment quite as much as a remedy against illness.

And in Gerard's "Herbal" there are twenty-five "*vertues*" ascribed to the tobacco plant, among others the juice of the leaves may be taken as a remedy against cold, dropsy, ague, toothache, fits, gout, sciatica, and poison. Truly a valuable drug to possess in a household!

As to its introduction into England, Gerard says: "There be two sorts or kindes of Tabaco, one greater, the other lesser; the greater was brought into Europe out of the provinces of America, which we call the west Indies: the other from Trinidada, an Ilande neere unto the continent of the same Indies." He says also that "being now planted in the gardens of Europe, it prospereth very well . . . notwithstanding it is not so thought nor received of our Tabackians; for according to the English proverbe, Far fetcht and deere bought is best for Ladies."

Other plants he brought to England, and to his Irish lands in Munster, from the New Country on

which his thoughts were always set. Sir John Hennessy describes how "the richly-perfumed yellow wallflowers that he brought to Ireland from the Azores, and the Affane cherry, are still found where he first planted them by the Blackwater. Some cedars he brought to Cork are to this day growing, according to the local historian, Mr. MacCarthy, at a place called Tivoli. The four venerable yew-trees, whose branches have grown and intermingled into a sort of summer-house thatch, are pointed out as having sheltered Raleigh when he first smoked tobacco in his Youghal garden. In that garden he also planted tobacco where the climate seemed to favour its cultivation. . . . A few steps further on . . . is the famous spot where the first Irish potato was planted by him. In that garden he gave the tubers to the ancestors of the present Lord Southwell, by whom they were spread throughout the province of Munster."

Many years after his time the name of Raleigh was favourably mentioned in College Green, when the Irish House of Commons contemplated encouraging tobacco plantations in Ireland. The supposed necessity, however, of protecting tobacco planters in the colonies, and supporting the customs revenue of England, compelled the Lord-Lieutenant to veto any revival of Raleigh's scheme.

One is tempted to ask if it is yet too late to attempt to introduce so important an industry into a country where fresh industries are so sorely needed!

While spending his time on his estates in Munster in doing his best to restore something like prosperity to the disturbed country, Raleigh had the pleasure of constant intercourse with Spenser, and of entering with his poet's nature into the composition of the "Faerie Queene." It was he who brought Spenser to Court in 1590, and presented him to Elizabeth, who commanded the publication of the great poem, to which Raleigh prefixed an admirable sonnet of his own.

But although he did not himself go to Virginia, again and again he fitted out his little fleets, and sent them to try to establish the colonies of which he always dreamed.

In 1592 Raleigh lost the favour of the Queen through her discovery of his affection for one of her maids of honour, Elizabeth Throckmorton, whom he secretly married about this time. Such a secession from the ranks of her own admirers was punished by the Queen, then at the age of sixty, with imprisonment in the Tower, the hardest penalty she could inflict on such a nature as

Raleigh's. Though he was soon released, his favour at Court was over for the present, and he had leisure to turn his thoughts again to the discovery of his El Dorado.

But first came a few peaceful happy years at Sherbourne, his home in Dorsetshire; there he and his dearly loved and loving wife spent their time, and there the third Walter Raleigh was born in 1594. Raleigh was always busy; he improved his property, he read and wrote, and carried on his work both in Devonshire and Ireland.

But England could not hold him always, and in spite of his wife's letter to Sir Robert Cecil begging him to "rather draw for Walter towards the east than help him forward toward the sunset," it was into the sunset that he sailed in February 1595, on his first voyage of discovery to Guiana.

Mr. Gosse thus gives the origin of El Dorado: "As early as 1539 a brother of the great Pizarro had returned to Peru with a legend of a prince of Guiana whose body was smeared with turpentine and then blown upon with gold dust, so that he strode naked among his people like a majestic golden statue. This prince was El Dorado, the Gilded One. But as time went on this title was

transferred from the monarch to his kingdom, or rather to a central lake hemmed in by golden mountains in the heart of Guiana."

It was this golden country that Raleigh coveted, partly for its own worth, but largely so that it might not fall to the lot of his hated rivals the Spanish explorers and adventurers.

He tells the tale of his journey in his "Discovery of Guiana," which he published shortly after his return.

He landed first at Trinidad, where the natives came to him with complaints of the cruelty of the Spanish Governor Berreo, and Raleigh made a prisoner of him, and used him to get information as to the geography of the country. They left the ships at Trinidad, and crossed the Serpent's Mouth in boats, and then started to explore the mouths of the Orinoco. The natives met them doubtfully; "but when they perceived," says Raleigh, "that we offered them no violence, . . . they then began to show themselves on the bank's side, and offered to traffic with us for such things as they had."

All through the expedition Raleigh treated the natives with justice and humanity, and exacted the same behaviour towards them from his companions.

He took with him an Indian pilot, and from him, and from the different chiefs with whom they made friends, they learned much about the customs of the people of Guiana; and strange habits are ascribed to some of them. The Capuri, for instance, who dwell on the small river after which they are called, than whom, Raleigh says, "I never beheld a more goodly or better favoured people, or a more manly." Their custom when their Cazique dies is to wait until such a time as "they think the flesh is fallen from the bones, then they take up the carcase again and hang it in the Cazique's house that died, and deck his skull with feathers of all colours, and hang all his gold plates about the bones of his arms, thighs, and legs." And the Arwacas, who dwell south of the Orinoco, and "do use to beat the bones of their lords into powder, and their wives and friends drink it in their several sorts of drinks."

On the banks of these rivers, Raleigh writes, "were divers sorts of fruit, good to eat, flowers and trees of that variety as were sufficient to make ten volumes of herbals. We relieved ourselves many times with the fruits of the country, and sometimes with fowl and fish; we saw birds of all colours, some carnation, some

crimson, orange tawny, purple, green." And "on both sides of this river we passed the most beautiful country that ever mine eyes beheld." How much must Raleigh, with the love of splendour and colour that his dress alone showed so plainly, have enjoyed this wealth of tropical beauty!

After a journey of a fortnight they came to the main stream of the great Orinoco, and there they anchored and feasted with a friendly native chief before starting to explore further. Of the chief's wife, Raleigh writes: "She was of good stature, with black eyes, fat of body, of an excellent countenance, her hair almost as long as herself, tied up again in pretty knots, and it seemed she stood not in that awe of her husband as the rest, for she spake and discoursed, and drank among the gentlemen and captains, and was very pleasant, knowing her own comeliness, and taking great pride therein. I have seen a lady in England so like her, as but for the difference in colour I would have sworn might have been the same."

It would have interested us to know the name of the "lady in England," but as Raleigh intended his work for publication, he doubtless thought it a delicate matter to compare one of

the Elizabethan beauties to this attractive but dusky lady.

Journeying on up the river they reached the great waterfall now named Salto Caroni, where he says: "We beheld that wonderful breach of waters which ran down Caroli; . . . there appeared some ten or twelve overfalls in sight, every one as high over the other as a church tower." And he is induced by his companions to further explore by land, instead of returning to the boats as he wished, being, as he expresses it in the delightful English of the time, but "a very ill footman."

There they found quartz filled with the shining ore that raised their hopes again as to the nearness of that land of gold on which their hearts were set.

But they could not go much further up the river, as the storms of winter were approaching, and life in an open boat became harder each day to endure.

"Our men," he says, "began to cry out for want of shift, for no man had place to bestow any other apparel than that which he wore on his back, and that was thoroughly washed on his body for the most part ten times in one day."

So they returned down the river, having friendly meetings with Indians on their way, making terms of alliance with them, and leaving amongst other tokens of goodwill "many more pieces of gold than I received of the new money of twenty shillings with her Majesty's picture to wear, with promise that they would become her servants thenceforth."

And then with difficulty, for the storms were great, they came again to their ships at Trinidad, and Raleigh writes: "Now that it hath pleased God to send us safe to our ships, it is time to leave Guiana to the sun whom they worship." And this he did with high hopes of the promise which the country offers to those who take it for their own. His eyes were still blinded by the love of gold, which he saw in every glittering stone or sunlit mountain, and which he coveted, not so much for its own sake, as for the power over Spain which its possession would give to England; but yet his wisdom saw too the other resources of the country.

"All places yield abundance of cotton, of silk, of balsamum, and of those kinds most excellent, and never known in Europe; of all sorts of gums, of Indian pepper. . . . The soil besides is so excellent, and so full of rivers, as it will carry

sugar, ginger, and all those other commodities which the West Indies hath.

"And," he adds, "I am resolved that if there were but a small army afoot in Guiana, marching towards Manoa, the chief city of Juga, he would yield her Majesty by composition so many hundred thousand pounds yearly as should both defend all enemies abroad and defray all expenses at home." Such were Raleigh's hopes for the colonisation of Guiana.

Soon after his return his thoughts were turned elsewhere by the naval battle against Spain in Cadiz harbour, of which we speak later, and in which his skill as a naval commander did much to win the day.

His rivalry with Essex lasted till the Earl's death upon the scaffold in 1601, when Raleigh waited near the scene of execution in hope, as he says himself, of a word of farewell, but was not in time to receive it.

In 1603 his fortunes were changed, indeed, by the death of the Queen, who had, even when most angry with him, always known his worth.

He was in the west of England when she died, and from the first his enemies got the new King's ear against him. Haughty and overbearing in spite of his greatness, there were

many at Court who were glad to see his favour wane.

He could ill brook the change in his position, and joined with others more discontented than himself in resentment against the changes which James's accession brought about. The most fatal friendship he formed was that with Lord Cobham, who was deep in plans for dethroning James in favour of the Lady Arabella Stewart, the great-granddaughter of Margaret, Henry VIII.'s sister.

When the *Main Plot*, as it was called, was discovered, Cobham falsely accused Raleigh of being his accomplice in it, and after a trial held at Winchester, on account of an outbreak of the plague in London, he was condemned to death, and then lodged in the Tower, where he lived for twelve years with the death sentence hanging over his head.

As the young Prince of Wales said, "No one but my father would keep such a bird in a cage."

His great "History of the World" was written during those weary years, and some papers besides, and he busied himself in chemical experiments, and in the manufacture of medicines ; but life, as he understood it, ended for him when the great gates clanged behind him on the 16th of December 1603. They opened once again, twelve

years later, when the King's greed of gold led him to allow the great sailor to try one more search for his El Dorado, the gold mine in Guiana, in which he believed so firmly. But the story of that second voyage to Guiana is one of disaster from the beginning. Bad weather, sickness and death among their best and bravest, treachery on the part of one of the ship's masters, mutiny among the crew, and failing health and broken spirits in the great captain himself—so ran the tale.

Raleigh had been expressly forbidden to interfere with any Spanish or other Christian colonists, and when he had a dispute with the Spaniards on one of the Canary Islands about water and provisions, the quarrel was reported and exaggerated at home, and his fate was sealed.

The party pushed on across the ocean, and once more landed at Trinidad, but under what altered circumstances!

Raleigh was too ill himself to lead the second expedition up the Orinoco, but he sent as commander his old friend and comrade, Captain Keymis, and with him his own son Walter. It was Keymis to whom fell the duty of returning to tell of the dire failure of the journey, No gold had been found, no discoveries made, in a fight with Spanish colonists young Walter Raleigh had been

killed ; such was the story, and the effect of his leader's grief and displeasure upon Keymis was so great that he went into his cabin after their interview, and committed suicide.

Then came the sad homeward voyage of the old man, shattered in health, broken in spirit, and with now no hope before him. The end was not far off. His execution, on the old sentence which had never been revoked, was an easy way by which James could please the Spanish king, and Raleigh had no powerful friends left to plead for him.

His faithful and broken-hearted wife vainly implored mercy for him from Sir Robert Cecil ; and Sidney's sister, the gentle Lady Pembroke, begged for his life from the King, but in vain.

On October 29th, 1618, the sentence was ordered to be carried out.

"They brought him to the Palace gates at morn,
His hair well greyed now, very tired and worn,
With many years and battles, and great peace
In those soft eyes that waited for release.
Still straight and tall, with the old fearless air,
And that strange beauty of his face, as fair
As when in other days his name stood sweet
In all men's ears, and at his lady's feet
Men held him happy once, when hope was high:
They brought the old man at the end to die.
He who had fought their battles and set free
For English ships the highways of the sea."

So gallant was his bearing on the scaffold, so earnestly did he thank God that he was brought out into the light to die, and so tenderly did he take leave of the friends who crowded round him, that Sir John Elyot writes: "It changed the affection of his enemies, and turned their joy into sorrow, and all men else it filled with admiration, leaving no doubt but this, whether death was more acceptable to him, or he more welcome unto death."

For twenty-five minutes he spoke, vindicating himself as a true and loyal subject of the Crown, and seeking pardon only from God, to Whom he asked all to join in prayer for him. "For I have been a soldier, a sailor, and a courtier, which are courses of wickedness and vice; that His almighty goodness will forgive me; that He will cast away my sins from me; and that He will receive me into everlasting life. So I take my leave of you all, making my peace with God."

Perhaps his best remembered words upon the scaffold are those to the sheriff who asked him which way he would lie upon the block, "What matter which way the head lies, so the heart be right." And then to the executioner, who was quite unnerved by the scene, "Strike, man, what

dost thou fear?" And before that he had said to him as he felt the axe, "It is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases."

And so once more into the sunset passed the greatest of Elizabeth's seamen.

CHAPTER IX

ELIZABETHAN SEAMEN

We have followed Sir Walter Raleigh from his first voyage to his last, and now we must turn to the stirring tales of some of the seamen who led the way, or followed in his track.

Hakluyt's "Voyagers' Tales" give us many a story of the life on the seas, and the discovery of new lands by seamen whose very names are now forgotten; such were John Fox, Thomas Sanders, Miles Phillips, of whom he tells in turn, and their lives we should study for ourselves, but here we have only space to speak of the few best known among those gallant "sea-dogs." Martin Frobisher, John Hawkins, Francis Drake, Richard Grenville, and John Davis, with these names at least all are familiar.

There was no regular navy in the time to which these men belonged. Henry VIII. had built a small one, but it had been allowed to decay during the reigns of Edward VI. and Mary, so that it was to the ability and strength of private

shipmasters that Elizabeth had to trust for help against her great Spanish enemy.

Spain had done well in colonisation, and was constantly enriching herself by the merchandise brought home from her West Indian subjects. And Spain preserved by terribly rigid methods the old Catholic Religion, while in England the New Religion, or Protestantism, was daily becoming stronger. These two facts alone were enough to account for the bitter rivalry between the seamen of each nation, who did not all go into the deep political questions which lay behind the rivalry, or think of Philip's wish to supplant the powerful Protestant Queen on her own throne by her poor Catholic captive Mary, Queen of Scots.

Those were stirring times, and many a man who longed for fresh fields for his energy went forth to seek them beyond the sea in the new world of which men's minds were full. But throughout the most daring expeditions the hatred of their Spanish enemies was always with them, and the wish to avenge the cruel sufferings of old friends and comrades who had been taken prisoners by the Inquisitors and suffered the mysterious horrors of the Holy Office.

Into those bays in Devon, from which came most of the boldest seamen, boats would come

with stories of the evil fate of some old fellow-sailor who had fallen into the hands of the Spaniards.

These tales were enough to send out another band eager to discover, if possible, land and gold and fresh seas in which to trade and travel, but with the purpose ever deep in their hearts of avenging the fate of their comrades, and undermining by every possible means the hated power of Spain.

Elizabeth was shrewd and far-seeing, and her love of money grew with her years. She saw that to allow her great enemy's strength to be sapped by continual struggles with English ships was greatly to her advantage, especially as she possessed no official navy of her own. So she privately encouraged this petty warfare. It led to the weakening of Philip's naval power, and to the enrichment of her own coffers, for besides rich stores from foreign lands discovered by their own enterprise, her sailors often brought her home the wealth taken on the high seas from some great galleon ploughing its way home with a cargo of gold and pearls from the Spanish West Indian colonies.

The deeds, therefore, of the Elizabethan seamen blend gallantry, enterprise, and bloodshed in one

vivid picture of life and colour which has never been surpassed at any time.

Always before their eyes, and like Raleigh's El Dorado always eluding them, glowed the idea of the North-West Passage, and it was in search of this that the rugged Yorkshireman, Martin Frobisher, spent the greater part of his life. But he was poor, and for fifteen years he struggled to collect sufficient money to fit up the necessary ships. At last, in the year 1576, the Earl of Warwick came to his aid, and he was enabled to fit up his two small barques, of twenty and twenty-five tons, the *Gabriel* and the *Michael*, which with a pinnace of ten tons formed his fleet.

But such was the gallant spirit of the times that, as they passed on their way before the windows of the royal palace, the master of one of these wretched little barques writes, "We shot off an ordnance, and made the best show we could. Her Majesty, beholding the same, commended it, and bade us farewell, with shaking her hand at us out of the window."

In about a month Frobisher made the coast of Greenland, and not far from thence he lost the company of his small pinnace, "which by means of the great storm he supposed to be swallowed up of the sea; also the other barque named the *Michael*,

FORBISHERVS ouans NEPTVNIA regna frequentat
Pro patria at tandem glande peremptus obit

mistrusting the matter, conveyed themselves privily away from him and returned home with great report that he was cast away."

The weather was very severe and tempestuous, his mast was sprung, and his top-mast blown overboard, but he pressed on, and reached the ice-bound shores of the land north of Hudson's Straits. Then he came to the inlet just above the straits, and gave it his own name, and sailing some way up the strait he believed he had found the Passage for which he sought. He was eager to take the news back to England, and to return next year with a better fleet, so he sailed home again, taking with him a piece of black stone, which was said to contain gold, and one of the native Indians, who, however, died of cold just after his arrival in England.

The hope of discovering gold roused many at home to help him in his second expedition, which started the following year, and in it sailed the *Aid*, a "tall ship," as Frobisher's friend Best writes, "of 200 tons, lent by the Queen herself." Nothing notable, however, was done by this band of men, though their spirit was such that Best tells how "one died at sea, which was sick before he came aboard, and was so desirous to follow his enterprise that he rather chose to die therein than not to be one to attempt so notable a voyage."

Those words breathe the true spirit of Elizabethan seamen, a spirit which led them on to do such great deeds in their tiny craft. Nothing daunted by his want of success, and still led partly by the hope of finding gold on the coast, Frobisher took a third expedition the next year, again aided by the Queen, who took leave personally of all the captains, and bestowed upon the general the somewhat inappropriate gift for one starting on an Arctic voyage of a "fair chain of gold."

Again they encountered storms and fog, and these dangers led to mutiny among the crew, some of whom declared that "they had as lief be hanged when they came home as without hope of safety to seek to pass and so to perish amongst the ice." But Frobisher, "not opening his ears to the peevish passion of any private person," continued his voyage, and "with incredible pain and peril at length got through the ice, and came to anchor in the Countess of Warwick's Sound, near the island from which they had taken the ore. Here they had a joyful meeting with some of their companions, whom they had deemed lost, and Best writes that "they highly praised God, and all together upon their knees gave Him due humble and hearty thanks, and Master Wolfall, a learned

man appointed by her Majesty's Council to be their minister and preacher, made unto them a godly sermon, exhorting them especially to be thankful to God for their strange and miraculous deliverance in these so dangerous places, and putting them in mind of the uncertainty of man's life, willed them to make themselves always ready as resolute men to enjoy and accept thankfully whatsoever adventure His divine providence should appoint."

These words of the sailor-writer Best give a striking picture of the gallant little band, kneeling on the ice in prayer to the God who alone can keep the "wayfaring men, though fools," from "erring" on that great "highway" of the seas.

But disappointment was again in store for them; their ships had suffered much in the storms amid the icebergs, a great part had been lost of the portable wooden house they had brought out, and which they had intended as their winter shelter, and their provisions and drink ran short. So they stayed but to repair their shattered vessels, and to fill them with the delusive ore, and then sailed home again amid fresh storms and discomforts. Whether Frobisher became discouraged after these repeated misfortunes, or whether funds were lacking for further ventures we do not know,

but after this we know he sailed no more into the Northern Seas.

While these explorations were being carried on off the coast of Greenland, another sea-venture was taking place off the west coast of Africa, and one which had more terrible results than its good leader Hawkins could have borne to contemplate. This was the beginning of the shipping of natives from the Guinea coast, to be sold as slaves to the Spaniards in the West Indies.

John Hawkins was born, like Raleigh and Gilbert, on the Devonshire coast, and was bred to sea-trade from his boyhood, and it was as a trader, not an adventurer, that he made his name. He had, doubtless, early learned of the difficulties of procuring labourers in the West Indian plantations, owing to the rapid death of the native population, who seemed unfitted to bear the hard life of toil there under Spanish overseers. Hawkins conceived the idea of transplanting, for the working of these valuable industries, some of the hardier race of natives from the west coast of Africa. The heathen "customs" practised there were barbarous, and his plan seems to have been to purchase natives who were to be sacrificed to the local deities, and to sell them instead as slaves in the West Indies, thereby giving them life

instead of death. But, even taking this view of the case, it seems to us that the weak point lay in the fact that other natives would promptly be provided to fill the place of those sold, as certainly powerful African tribes would not allow their "customs" to suffer.

However this may be, John Hawkins founded the slave-trade as a useful and profitable industry, little thinking of the tears and blood that would be shed before the shameful work of which he was so recklessly laying the foundation could be undone, and the national stain removed.

In 1526 Hawkins sailed to the Guinea coast with three ships, got possession by force and persuasion of three hundred negroes, and sold them as slaves among the planters in the West Indian islands, making a very large profit.

His second expedition, undertaken in the following year, was supported by the Earls of Pembroke and Leicester, and these were the sailing orders issued to the crew: "Serve God daily, love one another, preserve your victuals, beware of fire, and keep good company." This time the negroes were less easily taken, but after some delay the necessary "cargo" was obtained, and the ships sailed on their way to the West Indies. But for eight days they were becalmed, which caused their

provisions to run short, and illness broke out on board; however, the end of their voyage was prosperous, and how little they realised the iniquity of the traffic upon which they were engaged is shown in the words of the contemporary narrator, who says, "But the Almighty God which never suffereth His elect to perish sent us on the 16th of February the ordinary breeze."

But tidings of Hawkins's former voyage had reached Spain, and King Philip had sent orders prohibiting any Spanish trade with the slave-dealer in the West Indies. The planters, however, were only too willing to buy his wares, and so on this and subsequent expeditions it was an understood matter that he sent armed men on shore who were said to *coerce* the Spaniards into trading with him.

It was after the second successful raid on the Guinea coast that Elizabeth granted Hawkins the coat-of-arms—shameful in our eyes—with the device of a captive and demi-bound Moor. But in 1567 he sailed on what he called his "unfortunate voyage." After parting with about five hundred natives among the West Indian plantations, he was beset by very tempestuous weather, and had to take refuge in the Spanish port San Juan in Mexico. Unluckily for him a fleet had just been sent by Philip to capture him if possible, and these ships

arrived at San Juan soon after the English vessels had entered the harbour. Hawkins refused to let the Spaniards through the narrow opening by the harbour-bar until he had extorted a promise that he should be unmolested ; but the Dons broke faith, attacked the English, damaged their ships, and sunk or seized all the treasure—the price of the five hundred natives which they were taking home. Hawkins, and his young cousin, Francis Drake, barely escaped with their lives. Drake got first to England and told the tale of Spanish treachery at Court, and after a voyage full of hardships and dangers, Hawkins, too, reached home. He thus ends the tale of his "unfortunate voyage." "If all the miseries and troublesome affairs of this sorrowful voyage should be perfectly and thoroughly written, there should need a painful man with his pen and as great a time as he had that wrote the lives and deaths of the martyrs."

From these slave-trading voyages let us turn now to the adventures of that young cousin, Francis Drake, who accompanied Hawkins on his last ill-fated expedition, and whose title to fame is that of being the first man to sail round the world.

Drake was the son of Edward Drake, of Tavi-

stock, in Devon, a staunch Protestant, who had fled from his native place to avoid persecution, and had become a chaplain in Henry VIII.'s fleet in the Medway.

Francis was bred from boyhood as a sailor, but, unlike Hawkins, not to trade or smuggling, but *privateering*, which was legal in the Middle Ages as a means of recovering debts or damages from the subjects of another nation. In the years between Hawkins's "unfortunate voyage" and Drake's voyage round the world, the national indignation against Spain was constantly on the increase, though there was no formal breach between that country and England. During these years Drake avenged the treachery of the Spaniards at San Juan by various plundering expeditions to the American coast, holding rightly that the best way to injure Philip was by cutting off his supplies of gold and silver.

On one of these expeditions, in February 1573, the Indians of Panama led him to the top of a lofty hill, where stood a tree of giant growth, in which steps were hewn for ascent. Drake climbed the tree, and from a stage constructed near the top he beheld for the first time the great Pacific Ocean, in which no English ship had ever yet sailed. He made up his mind at

Habes Lector candide fortiss., ac inuictiss. Ducis Draeck ad vivum Imaginem qui toto terrarum orbe, duorum annorum, et mensium decem spatio, Zephyris fauentibus circumducto Angliam sedes proprias, 4. Cal. Octobr. anno à partu virginis 1580 reuisit cum antea portu soluisset Id. Decemb: anno. 1577.

Le vray portraict du Cappitaine Draeck lequel a circuit toute la terre en trois annees moins deux mois et 17 iours il partit du Royaulme D'Angleterre le 13. de Decembre 1577 et fist son retour audict Royaulme le 26. iour de Sept: 1580.

Ad Amplissimum et Illust: virum D. D. Edoardum Steffart apud Henricum 3. Christ: Franc: Regem legatum D. S. Obseruantiss.

Jo: Rabel Pinxit. Thomas de Ieu sculpsit et excudit.

A Paris

once to be the pioneer of England in these new waters, but it was four years before he could accomplish his project. On the 15th of November 1577, he sailed from England with a little fleet of five ships, of which the largest was the famous *Pelican*, of 100 tons, and in the following April he reached the coast of Brazil. He then turned his course south-east, along the coast of America, until he came to the entrance of the Straits of Magellan, where he changed the name of the *Pelican* to the *Golden Hind*, which was the crest of his patron, Sir Charles Hatton.

They made the passage in sixteen days, which was only half the time it had taken Magellan, and then they came forth into the Pacific amid furious gales.

The *Golden Hind* was now alone; one of the other ships had deserted, and the rest had been lost, but, nothing daunted, Drake continued his course along the western coast of America. The Spaniards had never looked for any English adventurer on these waters, so the rich ports of Peru were undefended, and entirely at Drake's mercy. He made full use of his opportunities, sailing from place to place, and plundering the rich treasure-ships, which were only manned by

small mixed crews. He captured an immense booty, and at last, "thinking himself both in respect of the private injuries received from the Spaniards, as also of their contempts and indignities offered to our country and Prince in general, sufficiently satisfied and revenged," he determined to sail home. But he feared to return through the straits, lest the Spaniards should lie in wait for him and despoil him of his treasure, so he resolved to strike across the Pacific, round the Cape of Good Hope, and so back again to England.

In order to get a favourable wind, he first sailed northwards to California, where he so won the hearts of the natives by his gifts of clothes and trinkets, that they put a crown on his head, and begged him to be their king. He took possession of the country in the Queen's name, and then when the winds were fair, he struck boldly out in his little ship across the great unknown ocean. Through the East Indian Islands he sailed, past the Cape of Good Hope, and so home to England, rich with gold and Spanish plunder, but richer still in the glory no man could take from him, of being the first to sail round the world. He was welcomed with great honour, and Elizabeth placed in her

crown some of the rich jewels he offered her, and, apart from the daring of the enterprise, all men understood how valuable was the work Drake had done in opening for England a new passage for traders to India and beyond it, round the Cape of Good Hope.

After this voyage matters grew more and more hostile between Spain and England; Drake was allowed by the Queen to lead a fleet of twenty-five ships to plunder the Spanish ports in South America, and Philip began to make preparations for the sending forth of his "Invincible Armada." But before this set sail, the Spaniards were to suffer one more indignity at the hands of Drake in the famous "singeing of the Spanish King's beard."

In April 1587, he sailed from Plymouth with thirty small barques, and rounded Cape St. Vincent on the fifth day. When opposite Cadiz harbour they could see the thick forest of masts, and the fleet which was being prepared to dispute with them the sovereignty of the sea. The daring enterprise just suited Drake; straight into the harbour he led the way, among the unprepared galleons of Philip, sinking the guardship, scattering the galleys, and shedding destruction and dismay on every side. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, who

was governor of the town, feared his landing, and hurried away to make preparations to prevent it. Meanwhile Drake, who had no intention of landing at all, did his work in the harbour in his usual effective manner, boarding the Spanish ships, plundering, burning, and cutting their cables, and when no more damage remained to be done, sailing out of the harbour, without loss of ship or man.

He made his way back to Plymouth, burning the ships he met with off the Cape St. Vincent, on their way to bring stores to the Armada, and being fortunate enough to capture on the way the great *San Philip*, on her return from the West Indian Islands, "so richly loaded," it was said, "that every man in the fleet counted his fortune made."

His reception in England was enthusiastic, and in Spain such fearful honour was accorded him for the valour of his deeds, that it was said "if he was not a Lutheran there would not be the like of him in the world." And one Court lady who was invited by the King to join a party on a lake near Madrid, replied that she dared not trust herself "on the water with his Majesty lest Sir Francis Drake should have her."

Such was his reputation among his foes, and he

had the satisfaction of bearing his part the following year in the defeat of the Invincible Armada, of which we speak elsewhere.

After such a life of brilliant and constant success it is undramatic that the end came to Drake in a moment of defeat. He and Hawkins had sailed in 1595 to try to conquer the Isthmus of Panama, but the Spaniards had learned wisdom from experience, and had their ports and towns now well fortified and garrisoned. So the expedition failed, and both the great seamen died during its course, Hawkins first off Porto Rico, and Drake somewhat later off Porto Bello.

Drake had lived a daring life of enterprise and discovery on the high seas, and had served his Queen and country well. When we consider his hatred of Spain, his inborn love of battle, and his loyalty to home, we feel that no words could be more appropriate as his farewell than those put into his mouth by a west country poet of our own day—

"Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder's runnin' low ;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'"

A fit comrade for him was Sir Richard Grenville, who dared Spain, with "his one little ship," in the year 1591, off the coast of the Azores.

A little English fleet of twelve vessels, under the command of Lord Thomas Howard, was surprised suddenly by fifty-three Spanish ships. Sir Richard had ninety of his men sick on shore, and these he would not leave "to the thumb-screw and the stake, for the glory of the Lord."

So he saw the other English ships sail away, while he was busy in bringing on board his sick men. And when the Spanish ships came on he faced them gallantly, "with his hundred fighters above, and his ninety sick below."

No words can improve on Tennyson's magnificent telling of the tale of the "fight between the one and the fifty-three." Sir Richard was blamed at the time for foolhardiness, but his wonderful sea-fight, and his gallant death on board the Spanish flag-ship to which the Dons had borne him, will live in history when saner exploits have been forgotten.

The last of these great "sea-dogs" of whom we speak is John Davis, the man who so ably followed up the work of Frobisher, and who was by far the most systematic and scientific of the seamen of his time.

He was a Devon man, a friend of Raleigh and Adrian Gilbert, and had grown up with them among the stirring sea-tales that were rife on the Devonshire coast, and from the first his heart was set on the discovery of Frobisher's North-West Passage.

On July 20th, 1585, at the age of thirty, he started on his first voyage to the Arctic Regions, under the patronage of Elizabeth's secretary, Sir Francis Walsingham, of Raleigh, and of a great friend of Raleigh's, William Sanderson, who largely financed the expedition.

It consisted of two ships, the *Sunshine* and the *Moonshine*, of 50 and 35 tons respectively, and the comfort of the crew had been considered in every way then possible by giving them thick woollen clothes, and laying in good stores of provisions, cod, salt meat, bread and cheese, butter, peas, and beer.

Davis was a scientific explorer, and in his little cabin, among his few nautical books and imperfect charts and instruments, he worked from the first as no mere maritime adventurer. He was "skilled and experienced," it was said, "in all a sailor's art, full of enthusiasm, brave and resolute. At the same time he was"—as most of the seamen were—"a God-fearing man, gentle

and courteous, considerate and thoughtful of the welfare of his crew, and beloved by his men—a very perfect specimen of an English sailor of the days of the great Queen."

The expedition steered well south of Greenland, and so across the open Channel, and explored some way north of Frobisher's proposed settlement. Davis seemed to have no doubt of having discovered the Passage, mistaking for it one of the inlets on the north-east American coast ; and when, owing to their stores being nearly exhausted, he had to return home, he wrote to Sir Francis Walsingham that "the North-West Passage is a matter nothing doubtful, but at any time almost to be passed, the sea navigable, void of ice, the air tolerable, and the waters very deep."

On his next expedition, though he had a larger ship added to his former two in the *Mermaid*, of 120 tons, he was not so fortunate ; they found this same Channel blocked with gigantic icebergs, along one of which, overshadowing them with its "capes, plateaux, and towering peaks," they sailed for thirteen days without finding an opening. The air was thick with fog, and midsummer though it was, the masts and rigging were coated with ice. The men began to lose heart, they

came to their captain, and, as he says himself, "very orderly with good discretion they entreated me to regard the safety of my own life, as well as the preservation of theirs, and that I should not through over-boldness leave their widows and fatherless children to give me bitter curses. Whereupon seeking counsel of God, it pleased His divine Majesty to move my heart to prosecute that which I hope shall be to His glory and to the contentation of every Christian mind."

The conduct on which he resolved was to send back his larger vessel, and in it all who wished to return, and to continue his own voyage in the *Moonshine*.

This he did, and explored the western coast as far as Labrador, discovering Hudson's Strait, and so made his way back to England by the end of the year.

On the third and last of his Arctic voyages Davis endeavoured to carry out the plan he had conceived of making these expeditions self-supporting, by sending two of his ships to join in the Greenland fisheries; he himself continued the work of exploration in a small pinnace of 20 tons called the *Ellen*.

So unsound was this small craft, that once

again his sailors murmured, but he addressed them in stirring words, telling them that it was "better to die with honour, than to return with infamy;" and so again they followed him.

And with him they came, on the 30th of June, to that "utmost bourne" he ever reached on his way to the Pole, where rose above their heads the lofty perpendicular cliff which he christened in honour of his friend and patron, "Sanderson, his Hope," because here seemed the best hope of a passage. North and west stretched a fair blue sea, dotted here and there with the peaks of a glittering iceberg; east were the granite mountains of Greenland, and beyond them the white line of the world's greatest glacier; above their heads rose the sheer wall of the mighty cliff, on whose sides thousands of wild sea-birds reared their young; and around them was a sea of silver foam, breaking the base of "Sanderson, his Hope," and almost seeming to disturb the majestic silence of that Northern sea.

And before the winds broke which forced her to change her course, the sailor on the tiny pinnace had christened the island cliff for all time.

With the morning, storms arose. Davis had to steer southward, exploring, according to his custom,

the coasts by which he passed, and always meeting the Eskimos in a friendly spirit. His account of the land was nearly as valuable at the time as that of the sea. He arrived back in Dartmouth on the 15th of September 1587, and landed with his men all "giving thanks to God for their safe arrival."

The preparations for the Spanish Armada and its coming in the next year prevented the possibility of another Arctic voyage, and Davis was called to take his part in the great naval struggle. In 1591 we find him again engaged in his search for the North-West Passage, but this time by another route.

He sailed with Cavendish, who had followed on Drake's track round the world in 1587, to the Straits of Magellan. But here Cavendish deserted him, and ultimately died on his way home, and Davis did not carry out his intention of exploring the "back parts" of America on his way to the Arctic Regions.

For some years he stayed at home and wrote his naval works entitled the "Seaman's Secrets" and the "World's Hydrographical Description," in which he tried to help future seamen by hints and suggestions drawn from his own experiences.

In 1598 he went as chief pilot on a Dutch expedition to the East Indies, but he sailed North no more.

He had the misfortune, like Raleigh, to outlive the great Queen who knew how to value servants such as he.

He sailed as pilot in the East India Company just started, and then left the Company to act as pilot to *The Tiger*, on a private expedition to the East Indies, sent out in 1604 to trade with China and Japan. The head of the expedition was Sir Edward Michaelham, and King James had granted him a licence to trade with these countries. It was on board *The Tiger* that the great explorer met his death.

On the Pahang coast they fell in with a party of Japanese, who first disarmed them by appearing friendly, and then rose suddenly intending to seize the English ship for their own use.

The end came in a moment. Davis was seized when coming out of the gun-room by the treacherous Japanese, and fell to the ground mortally wounded.

And in that Eastern Sea, under the blue waters that he had loved so well, the body of John Davis was laid to rest: the gentlest, wisest, and most

persevering of the mighty brotherhood to which he belonged.

And at that sea-funeral surely would be heard—

"The far bell ringing
At the setting of the sun,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of the great days done.
There's a far bell ringing,
And a phantom voice is singing
Of renown for ever clinging
To the great days done."

CHAPTER X

THE ARMADA: LORD HOWARD AND ESSEX

No picture of English life during the time of Shakspere would be complete without showing the narrow strip of sea which Sir Thomas Gresham crossed on his business journeys forty times in one year, crowded as it was for those few summer weeks in 1588 with the knighthood of England and of Spain.

The ever growing hatred between the Spaniards and English could no longer be restrained. Mary, Queen of Scots, in Catholic eyes the rightful heir to the throne of England, had met her tragic fate the year before, and had closed the life, in which she had met with little but trouble and disappointment, with a lofty resignation worthy of her noble Stuart race; now Philip of Spain, the most ardently Catholic among the Princes of Europe, had made ready, with help from all sides, to invade England, depose the heretic and blood-stained Queen who now reigned there, and re-establish the old religion throughout the country. Such was the

Spanish intention, and the preparations for its successful carrying out were gigantic.

There were 132 ships, bringing, besides sailors, priests, and galley-slaves, soldiers to the number of over 21,000, and stocked with provisions to last for six months during the projected conquest of England. Such was the Armada, which contained the bravest sons of every Spanish house, and refugees from many noble families of other nations, and it was to be met in the Channel by the Duke of Parma, with an additional Spanish army from the Netherlands of 17,000 men.

Elizabeth's navy only numbered thirty-four vessels, but from every seaport town private ships came forth ready to serve against the national enemy. Drake and Hawkins had vessels of their own, and Drake's privateers were in good fighting condition ; Lord Howard had two ships which he manned, and of the great ports London alone provided thirty, furnished and equipped by the chief merchants of the city.

And men and money poured in on all sides for the service of Queen and country. From town and village, from castle, manor-house, and cottage, from Yorkshire Moors and Devonshire Fells, and from the pleasant hills of Kent poured

forth the best of England's sons, of every age and class, united in one bond of loyalty to England, and of hatred to England's enemy.

A gallant band the seamen must have made, as each passed in turn to take the command of his ship, whose helm he had guided through many a troubled sea in frozen Arctic region or under burning tropical skies, but which had never had so great a need of cool head and steady hand as she would have now when facing her deadly foe in the narrow waters of the English Channel.

Hawkins was Rear-Admiral; he was also Treasurer of the Navy, and it was owing to his care that the ships were all sent out of dock in first-rate condition. Drake was Vice-Admiral, with his little fleet of devoted privateers ready to follow him to death in any form; Raleigh, Essex, and Frobisher were there too, all eager for honour and for revenge.

The story of the Armada and its fate hardly needs re-telling, it has been so often told that it is familiar to all. Lord Howard, who commanded the fleet, was an able man, patient and painstaking, who knew well the worth of his subordinates; the land army, gathered at Tilbury, was under the leadership of the Queen's

old favourite Leicester, who died a few months after the scattering of the Armada.

The greatest trial to the English ships, which were quite inadequately provided both with food and ammunition, was the time of waiting while they lay in the Channel expecting the foe.

Even when the start from Cadiz was made, the weather was so violent that it took the Spaniards three weeks to reach the Cape of Finisterre. The weather had been bad all through the spring, and seemed no better with the advance of summer.

But the day was fair and mild when at last the great galleons were seen entering the Channel, and news of their coming was brought to the English ships lying in Plymouth harbour.

Drake let the heavy Spanish fleet sail by, and then pursued them ; and by their quick movements the English vessels were able to get near enough to pour discharges from their guns into the great broadsides of the larger ships, and then to turn and move quickly out of range. The Spaniards were prepared for hand-to-hand warfare, their decks were crowded with the soldiers who were to complete, on landing, the conquest of England, but they were poor marksmen, and their vessels were slow and lumbering, so that

the English method of harassing them on their way up the Channel found their weak spot at once.

And so the two fleets went on their way, with the eyes of Europe bent upon them, until the Spaniards anchored for rest in Calais Roads.

Some of their vessels had been taken, some had put into French ports for safety, and the English were busy in replenishing their scanty stores of food and ammunition from the prizes they had taken from their foes.

The Duke of Medina Sidonia, the Spanish commander, sent an urgent appeal for help to the Duke of Parma, who doubtless had anticipated a very different message on the arrival of the Invincible Armada. Meanwhile, in the cabin of Lord Howard's ship a council was being held as to the next step to be taken, and the result was the sending into the darkness, amid the sleeping Spanish vessels, eight blazing fire-ships, filled with pitch and powder.

Wearied and dispirited as they were, the Spaniards lost all power of organisation, and did just what Howard had anticipated, leaving their sheltered moorings, and putting out in haste into the open sea.

The English followed them along the Flemish

coast, and on July 29th the fierce sea-fight off Gravelines took place. From nine o'clock in the morning until six at night it lasted, and throughout the whole engagement the English had the advantage. "Great was the spoil and harm that was done to them," wrote one of the English captains. "When I was furthest off, I was not out of the shot of their arquebuses, and most times within speech one of another. Every man did well, and when every one was weary and our cartridges spent, we ceased and followed the enemy, who bore away in very good order."

The "good order" endured but for a short time; the victory of the English was complete, and after watching the defeated galleons for a time, Howard and Drake put back to England to tell their tale of glory; while for weeks more was dragged out on the coasts of the British Isles that saddest of naval dramas, the end of all but fifty-three of the gallant Spanish vessels.

Sidonia decided that it was useless to try to brave again the terrors of the Channel, and that the return to Spain must be made by way of the Orkneys and the west coast of Ireland.

And the voyage was one long-drawn tale of disaster and destruction. We cannot dwell upon it here; the wrecked mariners begging for water

in return for casks of rich Spanish wine, and being driven back dying of thirst by the wild Irish peasants; the death of young Fitzmaurice, and his burial in a carved cedar chest beneath the waters of Blacksod Bay; the passionate prayer for life of the members of Sidonia's household who were thrown on shore at Tralee, but whose entreaties were unavailing; and, saddest of all, the loss off Dunluce, County Antrim, when they thought they were well on their homeward way, of the ship under Alonzo da Leveya, to whose care the sons of the great Spanish houses had been entrusted.

> "Weep, wide brown eyes, along the Spanish shore,
> Your dark-haired lovers shall return no more."

It was a great day for England; the hour of trial had come to her sons, and none had failed in their duty; soldiers, seamen, merchants alike had done their part; by private energy, by patience and endurance on the part of the badly-fed crews, by gallant generalship, and unsparing thought on the part of the leaders, the terrible national calamity had been avoided; but it must not be forgotten that the elements from the first fought for England, and to the last they fought against Spain. Even in the glow of

triumph the memory of that summer of 1588 must always bring to English hearts, let us look with pity at those relics still to be seen on the wild west coast of Ireland, cannon, figure-heads, one imbedded wreck, and saddest of all, the whitened bones that strew the coast for mile upon mile in Donegal on the sand-hills of Loughros More.

The misfortunes of the Spanish fleet were no doubt aggravated by the want of ability on the part of their commander, the young Duke of Medina Sidonia; while Elizabeth, as usual, had made a wise choice in setting Lord Howard of Effingham over her naval forces. Lord Howard was of noble birth, first cousin once removed to Elizabeth herself, and he had been trained from his youth in naval matters by his father, the first Lord Howard of Effingham, who commanded the fleet under Queen Mary.

Both father and son were Catholics during Mary's reign, but both probably conformed to the New Religion on the accession of Elizabeth, and the son was one of the Queen's most faithful and most trusted servants all through her life, and was one of those who stood beside her death-bed.

He was a handsome man, tall and commanding

in presence and courteous in manner ; he was less daring, and more cautious and self-restrained than most seamen of his time, and this was probably the reason why Elizabeth trusted him so fully ; for much as she encouraged her bold adventurers, in political affairs she appreciated caution above all else. Lord Howard was twice married ; his second wife, Margaret Stuart, was the daughter of the Earl of Murray ; his first wife, Catherine, was an intimate friend of Elizabeth's, and is the heroine of the unauthenticated tale of Essex and the ring. She died one month before her royal mistress.

Lord Howard during the fight with the Armada had been on the *Ark*, a ship of 800 tons which had been built by Raleigh, and sold to the Queen ; he did not seem to realise how complete his victory had been, for after the fight off Gravelines he wrote to Walsingham, Elizabeth's secretary : "We have chased them in fight until this evening late, and distressed them much ; but their fleet consisteth of mighty ships and great strength. . . . Their force is wonderful great and strong, and yet we pluck their feathers by little and little."

Howard was the leader in the last great blow which Elizabeth struck against the power of the King of Spain. It took years to repair the ravages

of the Armada, but in 1596 another well-manned fleet was gathered in Cadiz harbour, and though Drake himself had just sailed on his last voyage, his words in 1587 as to "singeing the Spanish King's beard" must have been in the ears of those who planned the destruction of this second Spanish fleet.

An expedition was fitted out, and sent from England, under the joint command of Lord Howard and the Earl of Essex, the one to be supreme at sea, the other on land. Raleigh, too, was with them, eager to avenge the recent death of his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville; and, after fierce fighting, the Spanish ships were beaten and destroyed, and the town itself burned and plundered.

The vanity of Essex led to disagreements between him and Howard, which were further aggravated by the Queen rewarding Howard for his good service against Spain by creating him Earl of Nottingham. She further distinguished him by bestowing upon him the office, which was to have been Leicester's, of Lord-Lieutenant of all England; and his duty it was to watch the Spanish powers, and to see that none of the threatened invasions from the Netherlands found England unprepared.

Essex's fall must have been embittered by the fact that Lord Howard, his old naval rival, was one of the commissioners chosen to try his cause.

In 1603, Elizabeth honoured Howard by paying him a visit at Arundel House, where he entertained her for some days. The feasting on this occasion, we are told, was "nothing extraordinary, neither were his presents so precious as was expected, being only a whole suit of apparel, whereas it was thought he would have bestowed his rich hangings of all the fights with the Armada in 1588."

But Howard was a wise man, as well as a courtier, and he had a good memory; no doubt he thought that a "whole suit of apparel"—especially such apparel as Elizabeth wore—was quite enough to bestow upon a Queen who had allowed his private purse to be drained almost to its last penny to provide food and powder while fighting against the Armada, and who had refused him money for the help of the fever-stricken victims when the battle was over, and left him unaided to erect rough sheds and out-houses, so that the heroic sailors who had given their lives for England might have some fitter place in which to die than the open streets of Margate.

Howard knew Elizabeth well, and he kept her confidence to the end. It was he who prevailed on her to be carried to her bed, after those weary hours when death was summoning her, and she lay upon cushions trying to resist the call, and it was to his sign that the dying Queen reluctantly assented in naming James of Scotland her successor.

Howard outlived the Queen by more than twenty years, and still served as Lord Admiral under James until 1619, when he was pensioned, and honourably relieved of the office.

He died at Harling, near Croydon, in December 1624, at the age of eighty-four, and was buried in the family vault at Reigate ; and a monument to his memory still stands in the church of St. Margaret's, at Westminster.

There is no greater contrast to be found in the reign of Elizabeth, than that between the characters of the two men she sent in command of the force to Cadiz in 1596, Lord Howard of Effingham, and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.

After the death of Leicester, the chief place in the Queen's affections was given to the handsome, bold, accomplished young nobleman, the stepson of her late favourite. Essex was the great-

grandson of Anne Boleyn's sister, and so was nearly related to Elizabeth herself ; she loved him for his beauty, grace, and daring, but the same blood ran in their veins, and made the Earl's haughty spirit little fitted to bear the despotic treatment to which Elizabeth's favourites were all in turn subjected.

In his early years at Court the Queen treated him as a spoiled young cousin ; she listened to the sonnets he composed in her honour, she talked familiarly with him on the scholarly subjects in which they were both interested, and she made him her constant companion in spite of their difference in age. She created him Master of the Horse when he was barely twenty, on his return from the Netherlands, whither he had accompanied his stepfather, the Earl of Leicester, and where he had distinguished himself in the battle of Zutphen.

Essex shared in the glory of the defeat of the Armada, and before its arrival he was given the coveted Order of the Garter, and made a General of Horse.

Perhaps for such a nature as his success came too soon : he was beloved by the Queen, and was devotedly followed by a large number of friends, and the common people had the feeling

Walker & Cockerell

ROBERT DEVEREUX, SECOND EARL OF ESSEX

of admiration for him that such a nature as his — brave, generous, and impulsive — always inspires.

Of reverence for his elders and betters he had little, nor did his early success tend to increase what he had. The prudent policy of the Cecils was not to his taste, and in matters political, as in all other affairs, he never hesitated to express his views with more energy than prudence or politeness.

His father, Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, had led a gallant but miserable little expedition in earlier days, to try to occupy the country round Belfast; his experiences had not been such as to encourage the undertaking, but they were reason enough to make his son consider himself an authority on Irish affairs.

The first serious offence Essex committed against the Queen was his contempt of her appointment of Sir William Knollys to superintend Irish affairs in 1598. Essex had recommended Carew, and when he found his wishes disregarded, he contemptuously shrugged his shoulders, and turned his back on the Queen in her own council chamber.

Such conduct, especially in public, was met by Elizabeth with the summary justice, and some-

what scant manners, of the times. She boxed her favourite's ears soundly, and told him "to go and be hanged!" And he, equally angry, clapped his hand on his sword, and flung himself out of the chamber, swearing with a great oath that he would not have borne so gross an insult from Henry VIII. himself!

From that day there never seemed the same feeling between the haughty Queen and her no less haughty cousin, though a reluctant apology was wrung from Essex, and he was restored to Court favour again after a time.

In 1599 he prevailed on Elizabeth to send him as Lord-Lieutenant to Ireland, to try to stamp out the rebellion there, which was being largely aided from Spain. But brave as he was, Essex was neither a general nor a statesman, and far abler men than he have failed in the attempt to bring order out of the chaos of Irish politics. He effected nothing, but wasted his men, and more money than the thrifty Queen generally allowed her generals the chance of expending. He finally made peace, on his own account, with Hugh O'Neill, the Earl of Tyrone, the Irish leader; and then, although expressly ordered by the Queen to remain at his post according to her pleasure, he hastened back to England to justify himself

personally, before his enemies had time to misrepresent his conduct.

The Queen, so careful to be only seen when royally arrayed, had but just risen from her bed, and was being tended by her maid in those intricacies of the toilet which must have been elaborate indeed to produce a semblance of youthful beauty in the nearly seventy years old lady. In rushed Essex, and flung himself on his knees at her feet, praying for her pardon. Her love for him made her receive him kindly at the moment, but after his dismissal the more she thought over the matter the more she felt the insult of his behaviour.

He was kept a prisoner, and when at length liberated, and allowed to go to his home at Ewelme in Oxfordshire, he was made to realise that his favour at Court was over.

Proud, vain, and ambitious, this was the punishment he could least bear; his good and bad feelings alike resented the idea of being shut out from Court life, and kept in the background like a child in disgrace.

Elizabeth loved to show her power over her favourites, but in Essex she found one whose spirit was as haughty as her own, and who could brook insult as little as herself.

He was deeply in debt: his income depended largely on a monopoly of sweet wines which the Queen had granted him in earlier days; the patent for this expired while he was in retirement, it was not renewed to him, but was given elsewhere.

This was the last straw, he could bear no more. He hastened up to London, and filled Essex House, on the banks of the Thames, with his friends, and a strong body of armed retainers, and when the Lord Chief Justice visited him to ask the meaning of such warlike preparations, he caused him and his companions to be detained for some hours in the house under a guard.

Essex was no statesman, and the whole affair was conducted like the mad escapade of an angry boy. But it was too serious to be judged as such.

He and his friends marched through London, endeavouring to rouse the populace, whom he fancied devoted to his person. His object was to seize the Queen, and so gain by force the interview she had denied him. But they found the streets prepared against him. Westminster and Charing Cross were barricaded, and Whitehall guarded by troops; so they had to return by boat to Essex House.

Here he and his adherents shut themselves up,

and declared their intention of only yielding with their lives.

The troops of the Lord Admiral surrounded the house, and it was only owing to the presence of Essex's wife and Lady Rich (Sidney's *Stella*), within the walls, that it was not burned to the ground.

However, even the angry Earl could not attempt to stand a siege, and he surrendered before nightfall, the Queen sending word that she would not sleep until Essex House was taken.

Then came the Earl's second and real imprisonment, and his trial in which Bacon bore so prominent a part.

The judgment pronounced both Essex and Southampton guilty of treason, but only one was reprieved. It was a struggle for Elizabeth to bring herself to sign the death-warrant of her favourite, but she felt his conduct was indefensible, and that if he were pardoned no offender need expect condemnation.

Late in the evening of Tuesday, February 24th, 1601, the Constable of the Tower, Lord Thomas Howard, opened the gates to receive the warrant which condemned the Earl to die on the scaffold the next morning.

He had begged the Queen to let his execution

be private, and she had not denied him this last boon.

Early in the morning he came forth from his prison, accompanied by the two divines the Queen had sent to care for his soul, and together they mounted the black-hung scaffold, the Earl clad in black from head to foot.

Seated on forms, to watch the end, were about a hundred lords, and Essex entreated their prayers, "for me, the most wretched creature upon earth."

He acknowledged the justice of his condemnation, he prayed for the long life and prosperity of the Queen, and then, led to the block by his chaplain, he cried out, "O God, give me true humility and patience to endure to the end!" And to the waiting noblemen, now mostly weeping in silent sympathy, he said, "Pray with me and for me that . . . it may please the everlasting God to send down His angels to carry my soul before His mercy-seat. . . ."

The blow fell: then came silence, only broken by the solemn words of the headsman, "God save the Queen."

CHAPTER XI

LORD BURGHLEY, ROBERT CECIL, AND SIR FRANCIS WALSINGHAM

FROM the stirring deeds on sea and land of such men as Raleigh, Drake, Sidney, and Essex, let us turn now to that quiet council chamber where for nearly half a century the great Lord Burghley did his part in building up the England of to-day from the chaos in which he found it. His family both before his time, and until our own day, have been politicians, and it was to his unwearied toil, his clear head and sound judgment, that more than all besides Elizabeth's reign owed its greatness.

Weak in health, cool and quiet in manner, self-controlled where most men were violent, forgiving where others sought revenge, he forms a striking contrast to the figures among whom he moved.

His character appealed to one side of Elizabeth's nature, and she trusted him as she trusted no one else on earth.

William Cecil was born in 1520, at Bourn, in

Lincolnshire, where his family had lived for three generations. His father had been Master of the Robes to Henry VIII., and the son's rise into courtly favour is said to have begun in the following unconventional manner. In the year 1542, after his education at St. John's College, Cambridge, had been completed, and he was studying at Gray's Inn, he met in the presence chamber two chaplains of the Irish chief O'Neill, who was then on a visit to the King. "And talking long with them in Lattin," as the chronicler says, "he fell in disputation with the priests, wherein he showed so great learning and witt, as he proved the poore priests to have neither, who weare so putt down as they had not a word to saie, but flung away no less discontented than ashamed to be foiled in such a place by so younge a berdless yewth." This worsting of the priests so pleased the King, that he sent for young Cecil to his presence, and directed his father to seek out some post to be bestowed upon him. And the reversion of the *custos brievium* in the Court of Common Pleas, which was the post selected, was the first of many official appointments held by William Cecil.

From his earliest years Cecil was unlike the other great men of his time: his strong points were those most wanting in such men as Raleigh and

Lord Burghley

Drake, and he lacked much of what gave them their brilliancy.

Cool-headed, industrious, far-seeing, and temperate, he pulled the wires which worked the figures on the political stage, and yet he had none of the attractiveness about him which those figures possessed to so high a degree.

Throughout the reign of Edward VI. he had held office, and during the time of Mary he had kept diplomatically in the background, but with the accession of Elizabeth his real power began.

He had given her wise advice in her unsheltered girlhood; he had been in secret communication with her in the months previous to her sister's death, and had drawn up a proclamation for her accession; he was the first member of her Privy Council to be sworn; and through good report and evil, through dark days and dangers, he was her faithful servant to the day of his death.

His was not a heroic character, he was wary, cautious, and compromising; his methods were not always straightforward, but they were those of his age, and through all his aims were lofty, his views were wise, and his judgment just. To the Queen, it has been said, "His calm and deliberate wisdom seemed to be the expression of

her own higher self. She treated him often as men treat their conscience when it reminds them of unpleasant truths. She browbeat him, and abused him, and contradicted him; she overwhelmed him with reproaches, so that he often left her presence in tears. But she always thought over his advice, and often, after a struggle, allowed it to prevail over her own inclinations." To him she showed the sterner side of her nature; on him she did not shower honours and lands, as upon such courtly favourites as Leicester and Essex; she did not choose him as her companion in the pageants and scenes of splendour which she loved, but with him she faced the life and death problems of European politics; to him she gave up occasionally that will she yielded to no other man, and he probably understood her better than any man has ever done. "This judgment," she said to him, "I have of you: that you will not be corrupted with any gift, and that you will be faithful to the state; and that, without respect of my private will, you will give me that counsel that you think best."

She made him Secretary of State on her accession, and in 1571 created him Lord Burghley, whereby he became, according to himself, "the

poorest lord in England." In 1572 he was made Lord Treasurer, so that he held the post of chief minister from the death of Queen Mary, in 1558, until his own death forty years later.

Although like many others Cecil had conformed to the Catholic religion during the last reign, he was a strong Protestant, and his policy was to establish the Protestant power in Europe, and, at the same time, to weaken the power of France. He saw the danger that had always threatened England in the union of France with Scotland, and his endeavour was always to keep those countries from such a union as might undermine the power of England. By favouring Spain he could weaken France, and not even the fact of Huguenot Henri IV. succeeding to the French throne altered his attitude of distrust to the French as allies of England. In the first year of Elizabeth's reign, he wrote, "France, being an ancient enemy of England, seeketh always to make Scotland an instrument to exercise thereby their malice upon England, and to make a foot-stool thereof to look over England as they may." And forty years later, shortly before his death, the French ambassador spoke of him as still leading "all the old councillors of the Queen who have true English hearts; that is to say,

who are enemies of the welfare and repose of France." His great desire was always to work out his policy by diplomacy, not by bloodshed; he was unlike the men of his time in his hatred of war, one of his favourite maxims being "that war is the curse, and peace the blessing of God upon a nation;" and another, "that a realme gaineth more by one year's peace than by ten years' war."

The weary struggle with France, into which Philip had dragged England, was brought to an end as soon as Cecil had the power, and that without openly offending Philip in spite of the Spanish ambassador Feria calling Cecil "a pestilent knave." Language, at that time, was apt to be highly coloured, Elizabeth herself on the one occasion when she flew into a passion with Cecil rating him "as a froward old fool."

But though he may have wept at her displeasure, it did not lead him to alter his course, and through all the difficulties of the various foreign marriages the Queen proposed for herself, Cecil kept a clear head, and aided Elizabeth in allowing each matrimonial affair to go as far and no farther than was necessary for political purposes.

He and Sir Francis Walsingham worked together in the elaborate system they instituted for

gaining and keeping knowledge of political and private matters abroad, and no crisis of events ever seemed to create confusion in Cecil's shrewd brain.

But the vacillating conduct of the Queen made his task a hard one, and it needed all the chief minister's unwearied patience, unflagging energy, and never-failing foresight to establish in England religious freedom, commercial prosperity, and the peace he loved: and to him more than to any other single man that peace was due. His ways may have been crooked when compared with those of our own statesmen, but he belonged to a time when devious roads were necessary, and his moral standard was that of his age. His aims were lofty, and his devotion to England was heart-whole, and in the service of England and of Elizabeth he spent every faculty of mind and body.

His health had never been good, and the gout from which he suffered was a constant source of trouble to him, nor was it likely to be alleviated by such remedies as were pressed upon him, amongst others, medicated slippers, a tincture of gold, and the "oyle of stagg's blood."

His delicacy intensified his aversion to all the out-door sports of the time, and it helped to make

reading his only relaxation. He was fond of his beautiful gardens at Theobalds, his country home near London, and would ride about among his beds and shrubberies on a little mule, when he allowed himself an hour of refreshment in the open air.

His home life was peaceful and happy: he was twice married, but his first wife, Mary Cheke, the sister of his Cambridge friend, the great scholar, Sir John Cheke, only survived their marriage a few years. His second wife was the eldest of the highly-educated daughters of Sir Anthony Cooke, and must have been a companion well fitted to his grave and serious nature. She died before him, and his grief at her loss rendered his nature even more gloomy than before. But he seemed to keep up friendly relations with the family of his first wife throughout his life, as in the will of Mrs. Cheke, who being in straitened circumstances after the death of her husband, had kept a wine-shop at Cambridge, we find she left to her eldest daughter all her "wine-potts," with her "second feather bed," but her "new bed, with the bolsters and hangings," to her grandson, "Thomas Sysell," to be kept in trust by his executors until such time as he "shall come to school at Cambridge."

Although caring little for luxury in itself, Cecil

always kept up great state in his household arrangements; he was very wealthy, having inherited lands from his father, and made much money in the course of his long and honourable career. We are told that "he kept open house everywhere, and his steward kept a standing table for gentlemen, besides two other long tables, often twice set out, one for the clerk of the kitchen, and the other for yeomen."

Young men of noble family were placed in his household in great numbers, and his influence was courted on all sides and by all classes; but, in spite of this, he seemed to have kept himself free from the bribery of the times. He outlived all those who had "started with him in the race for power and fame," and who had once been his rivals, Ascham, Cheke, Nicholas Bacon, Leicester, and Walsingham, all went before him. The war party, to which he was so bitterly opposed in the last years of his life, was led by Essex, the popular idol, but a man utterly devoid of statesman-like qualities. Cecil had striven for forty years to keep England at peace with Spain, and strong was his opposition to the younger and more warlike party.

It almost seemed as if the gift of prophecy were bestowed on the aged minister, when he answered

an impetuous speech of Essex in council, by drawing from his pocket a worn prayer-book, and silently pointing to the words, "Bloodthirsty and deceitful men shall not live out half their days." Verily, a prophecy soon to be fulfilled!

Though worn with illness, and racked with pain, Burghley continued to discharge his duties to the state until a few weeks before his death.

He wrote out full instructions for his younger son, Robert Cecil, with whom for the last years his work had been shared, and then, in the end of July 1598, he lay down on the bed in Cecil House, from which he was not to rise again. It was a fitting deathbed for him; there in

> "Streaming London's central roar,
> With the sound of those he wrought for,"

in his ears to the end, he prepared to give up his earthly stewardship, with the same calm dignity with which he had held it for nearly half a century.

"The Lord be praised," he said, "the time is come."

His children and his friends stood around him, and he blessed them, and bade them farewell, commanding his children "to love and fear God, and love one another."

At the last he prayed for the Queen, in whose

service his life had been spent, and then as a new day began to break, he entered into the rest he had never known on earth.

By his death his son Robert Cecil was left in a peculiarly isolated position. He was at the head of a small and unpopular party, even his cousins, Anthony and Francis Bacon, siding with Essex, and public feeling being all against the views he had inherited from his father.

The Queen was filled with grief at the loss of her faithful minister, and even men who had troubled him and disputed with him during his life felt that there was no one to take his place. His bitterest opponent Essex, at the magnificent public funeral in Westminster Abbey, we are told, "did more than ceremoniously show sorrow;" though there is a touch of irony in the account by another eye-witness of the number of mourners, among whom was the Earl of Essex, "who (whether it were upon consideration of the present occasion or for his own disfavours) carried the heavest countenance of the company."

Between Lord Burghley and his younger son there seems to have been a more than ordinary bond of affection and sympathy. Thomas, the Lord Treasurer's son by his first wife Mary Cheke, inherited his title and much of his property, but

Robert, the son of his second wife, Mildred Cooke, seemed always a far more congenial companion to him, and on his training the father spent infinite care and pains.

As a boy Robert was delicate, and he was educated at home, but as a youth he was sent abroad to learn modern languages, and while in Paris he used to write letters to his father which Burghley sent back to him with grammatical corrections.

He was smaller in stature than his father had been, and like him slender and unathletic, and besides this he suffered from a slight curvature of the spine, which made his figure crooked, and about which he was always sensitive. According to the rough manners of the time, Elizabeth used to speak of him as her "little elf," and later on King James called him his "pigmy." He had been knighted by the Queen on one of her visits to his father's place, Theobolds, where he had prepared an address, to be delivered to her by a supposed hermit, which brimmed over with flattery, exaggerated even for that time. It was filled, too, with strong hints as to the desire of the hermit's friend, *i.e.* Burghley, for rest from public service, and the hope that the friend or "founder's" son may be chosen to fill his place. "Hearing," says the hermit, "of all the country folks I meet,

that your Majesty doth use him in your service, as in former time you have done his father, my founder, and that though his experience and judgment be not comparable, yet as report goeth, he hath something in him like the child of such a parent," the hermit goes on to beg the all-powerful Queen to advance Robert Cecil in active public life.

In 1596, while Essex, his chief opponent, was absent on the expedition to Cadiz, Robert Cecil was given the post his father had coveted for him, that of Chief Secretary of State, and for the two remaining years of Lord Burghley's life most of his routine work was done for him by his son. They worked in the same careful, cautious methods, and though Robert Cecil was an abler speaker than his father, quicker and brighter, but with far less literary taste and culture, there must have been a strong resemblance between the two, only that the son, as is so often the case, lacked the greatness of the father. To his cousin, Francis Bacon, Cecil later on became a good friend, though no two men could have been more unlike. Bacon writes to him, on one occasion, a letter, "empty of matter, but out of the fulness of my love," to signify "my continual and incessant love for you, thirsting for your

return." And again he says, "I write to myself, in regard of my love to you, you being as near to me in heart's blood as in blood of descent." Cecil more than once helped his brilliant but unfortunate cousin when he was in debt, and Bacon wrote to him that "I cannot forget your Lordship, *dum memor ipse mei.*" But such was the depth of Bacon's gratitude, that before Cecil had been dead a week, he wrote of him to the King as "no very fit man to reduce things to be much better; for he loved to keep the eyes of all Israel a little too much upon himself, . . . and, though he had fine passages of action, yet the real conclusions came slowly on."

A true description of the policy of the Cecils! But however "slowly on" their "conclusions" came, they were generally those which pointed to the safety of England, "and the eyes of all" might dwell with advantage on some of the wary methods of their statesmanship by which untold political evil had often been avoided.

There was one other quiet figure who worked for years by Burghley's side, and shared much of his labour, and that was Sir Francis Walsingham, whom Robert Cecil succeeded, after an interval of six years, in the office of Secretary of State. Walsingham was the son of a prominent London lawyer, who had made money in his profession,

and bought a good deal of land in Kent, including the beautiful old manor of Foot's Cray, near Chislehurst, where his son Francis was probably born, about the year 1530.

Francis was educated at King's College, Cambridge, and entered at Gray's Inn in 1552; but, being a zealous Protestant, he left England on the accession of Mary, and only returned after her death. The knowledge of Continental languages and affairs which he acquired during those years abroad must have been instrumental in giving him the unique position he held among English statesmen. For with an Englishman's loyalty and devotion to the service of Elizabeth, he united an aptitude for intrigue and secret diplomacy that was hardly to be learned in England alone. He soon came under Cecil's notice on account of his intelligence in foreign affairs, and in 1570 he was sent to Paris as ambassador. There, on the 24th of August 1572, he had such an experience in the massacre of St. Bartholomew as must have rooted his Protestant principles more firmly than ever.

His future son-in-law, Philip Sidney, owed his life to taking refuge at the English Embassy, which had been specially protected by official orders.

After this terrible ordeal Walsingham sued for

recall, and returned to England in April the following year.

Elizabeth, influenced no doubt by Cecil's high opinion of him, recognised from the first his ability and his importance as a minister, but she never liked or trusted him, and she disregarded his advice on every possible occasion, even though she often saw its wisdom.

In December 1573, Walsingham was appointed Secretary of State, and held the post until his death.

He and Burghley worked together in their care for the interests of Elizabeth and England, Walsingham from his knowledge of Continental matters taking the post of Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and keeping himself informed of what went on in Spain, France, and Italy in a way which has been done by no other minister. His methods belonged to his own day, and would hardly be considered justifiable in ours, even by the exigences of political affairs, but such as they were, he carried them out with a perfection of care that left nothing to be desired. He had secret agents in his service in all countries, through whom he learned much that was invaluable to his own and Burghley's ministry, both of private and political matters. Besides this, his spies were all over England. It

was through them that the unhappy Queen of Scots met her fate; and in Spain they were so numerous, that before the coming of the Armada, Walsingham had been informed of every detail of the preparations, the number of men engaged, the make of the ships, and even the inventories of horses, armour, food, and ammunition. He knew well the weapons which the Catholic Spaniards and the supporters of Mary Stuart employed against England, and little as such weapons were to be admired, he made use of them himself against those who had first employed them.

Walsingham was a wise, industrious, and resolute politician, and had he been more trusted by Elizabeth, he might have had greater results to show for his labours, but his methods of getting information and the "traps" he set to catch his political enemies partake too much of the worst features of mediæval Catholic Europe to gain even scant admiration from a modern student.

His favourite maxim was, "Knowledge is never too dear," and no words could better express his policy.

He was constantly employed by Elizabeth on difficult and dangerous missions, although she never liked or trusted him fully. It was he who had to conduct in Paris the delicate negotiations

for breaking off the proposed marriage between the Queen and the Duc d'Alençon, and Walsingham was driven nearly to despair by the contradictory instructions he received from his royal mistress about the matter. To Burghley he wrote at the time, "I see her Majesty not disposed to redeem her peril otherwise than necessity shall lead her; who is one of the most dangerous pilots that can take helm in hand, for where necessity rules, election and consent can take no place."

And to the Queen herself, in despair at the vacillating conduct which seemed to be imperilling the safety of England, he ends one of his letters with the despairing words, "I conclude, therefore, in the heat of duty, that there is no one that serves in the place of a councillor that either weighs his own credit, or carries that sound affection to your Majesty that he ought to do, that would not wish himself in the farthest part of Ethiopia rather than enjoy the fairest palace in England. The Lord God direct your Majesty's heart to take that way of counsel that may be most for your honour and safety."

Then, later on, when Alençon had returned to England, and the marriage between him and Elizabeth seemed imminent, Walsingham tried praising her suitor to her. "He hath an excellent under-

standing," quoth the diplomatic minister, "and truly his ugly face is the worst part of him." "Then, thou knave," cried the Queen, "why hast thou so many times said ill of him?" And she abused the Secretary in words far more appropriate to her own conduct than to his, for being "as changeable as a weathercock."

Their intercourse must have been generally of a somewhat stormy character, for Walsingham had no fear of her passionate nature, and could not be awed as Burghley was at times by outbreaks such as the Court of Henry VIII. had been wont to witness. The Queen visited him occasionally at his private house of Barnes, in Surrey, where he lived after he sold Foot's Cray manor, but he was always too poor to give her the entertainment she loved. On the day when she knighted him at Windsor, she presented him with gold plate to the value of 60½ ounces, and in return he gave her a gown of blue satin, but such amenities seemed rare between them.

He was a faithful and wise servant to her and to England, and she valued his services little as she appreciated himself.

He was so much in want of money that Burghley interceded on his behalf for the reversion of some of the lands forfeited by Babington and his sup-

porters in the plot to release Mary, Queen of Scots, but nothing was bestowed on the hard-working Secretary, although it was largely owing to him that the plot was discovered.

His only child Frances had married Sir Philip Sidney, and it was Walsingham who had to stand surety for the payment of his son-in-law's debts before the public funeral of the brave young knight could take place.

Walsingham had never been a man of robust health, and the want of money and the distrust of the Queen embittered and probably shortened his life.

He died in London on the 6th of April 1590, and in his will he left orders that he "should be buried without any such extraordinary ceremonies as usually appertain to a man serving in his place, in respect of the greatness of his debts." His wishes were carried out, and the funeral took place "about 10 of the clock of the next night following in Paules Church without solemnity."

Besides being an able and indefatigable politician, Walsingham was a man of great cultivation, and of wide sympathies, an ardent patron of literature, a correspondent of Richard Grenville and Humphrey Gilbert, and an enthusiastic supporter of the colonising enterprises. He was a

consistent and zealous Protestant, and it is to him that the wise saying is attributed, so far in advance of the religious toleration of the times, that men's consciences "are not to be forced but won, and seduced by force of truth, and with the aid of time, and use of all good means of instruction or persuasion."

CHAPTER XII

SPENSER

EDMUND SPENSER was born at the end of Edward VI.'s reign, and was about six years old at the time of Elizabeth's accession. He was educated at Merchant Taylors' School, under the severe and famous headmaster, Dr. Mulcaster, and on the 20th of May 1569, he was admitted as a sizar to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

There he was partly kept by the kindness of Dr. Nowell, the Dean of St. Paul's, who had, no doubt, recognised the unusual ability of the London schoolboy, and he also received friendly notice from Archbishop Grindal, who had succeeded Parker at Canterbury.

Grindal is evidently Spenser's model in his "Shepherd's Calendar" for Algrind, the faithful Christian pastor who bids the clergy "not live ylike as men of the laye."

Spenser's sympathies, during the years he spent at Cambridge, seem to have been stirred by

Edmund Spenser

longing for a holier and more consistent life among the clergy.

"The time was once" (he writes), "and may again retorne
(For ought may happen that hath bene beforne),
When shepeheards had none inheritaunce,
Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce,
But what might arise of the bare shepe
(Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe:
Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe;
For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce.
The shepheards God so wel them guided,
That of nought they were unprovided."

He suffered from weak health while at the University, but nevertheless he took his degree, and left Cambridge, as an M.A., in 1576.

He made two life-long friendships while at Pembroke Hall, one with Edward Kirke, who edited his "Shepherd's Calendar," and the other with Gabriel Harvey, to whom he was deeply attached throughout his life, and who is represented as Hobbinoll in the "Shepherd's Calendar," while Kirke is Cuddie in the same work.

On leaving Cambridge, Spenser paid a visit to the North of England, where he met and loved the Rosalind to whose memory he always remained faithful, even after his marriage, although she refused him for love of another.

And from the Northern moors he returned to the pleasant home county of Kent, and to London, where he had been born, and of which he wrote :—

> "At length they all to *merry London came*,
> *To merry London, my most kindly nurse.*"

And describes how he

> "Walkt forth to ease my pain
> Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames."

In London he had opportunity for cultivating the friendship of his hero, Philip Sidney, whose noble and chivalrous nature may have well formed the model for Spenser's Red Cross Knight. The love of the high-souled, beauty-loving poet for the stainless knight lasted unimpaired until the fatal battle-field of Zutphen, and noble were the lines in which Spenser sang the virtues and mourned the loss of his dead friend :—

> "To praise thy life, or waile thy worthie death,
> And want thy wit, thy wit high, pure, divine,
> Is far beyond the power of mortall line,
> Nor any one hath worth that draweth breath."

So he wrote of him in his epitaph, and in his "Elegie, or Friend's Passion, for his Astrophel, written upon the death of the right honourable

Sir Philip Sidney, Knight," his longing affection finds even more beautiful expression :—

"Was never eie did see that face,
Was never eare did heare that tong,
Was never minde did minde his grace,
That ever thought the travell long ;
But eies, and eares, and ev'ry thought,
Were with his sweete perfections caught.

O God, that such a worthy man,
In whom so rare desarts did raigne,
Desired thus, must leave us than,
And we to wish for him in vaine !
O could the stars that bred that wit,
In force no longer fixèd sit !"

It was Sidney who induced Spenser for a time, along with Gabriel Harvey and others, to try to introduce some of the classical rules into the formation of English verse ; but the result of this attempt to regulate the poetry of one language by rules only applicable to another was not successful, and produced a cumbrous and artificial style of writing, and poetical genius such as Spenser possessed soon threw aside such trammels.

It was a fitting time for a great poet to arise : men's minds were filled with mighty deeds at home and abroad ; new lands beyond the sea were beginning to pour their treasures into English homes ; religion was no longer accepted

in its hereditary form, but men sought—often fiercely and blindly, but still honestly—to come nearer to the truth; there was peace in the land, and the once blood-stained throne of Henry VIII. and Mary was filled by her whom men loved to call the Virgin Queen, and whose very maidenhood rendered her a fit subject for a poet's lay.

In 1579 Spenser's "Shepherd's Calendar" was entered at Stationers' Hall, and unlike many others of our great writers, he gained for himself at once by its publication universal recognition as the "new poet" of the day.

According to the fashion of the time it was a pastoral, and his characters were shepherds, with homely English names such as Willye, Piers, and Colin Clout, the last representing himself.

The poem is not consecutive, but is divided into twelve Æglogues, each named after one month of the year, and each varying in subject, though the same characters constantly recur.

The stories are delightful, and wonderfully modern in their quaint grace and humour; for delicacy of expression and dainty poetical feeling there is nothing to compare with them until we come to Shakspere's own work.

The second Æglogue (February), which teaches reverence to age, ends with a charming fable about a "bragging Briar" (or brere), which grew hard by a "goodly Oake"; the shepherds' daughters came to pluck its fair blossoms, and the nightingales to sing among its leaves:—

> "And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old,
> Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
> That on a time he cast him to scold."

And the Oake receives the insults meekly, which so inflates with pride the Brere, that it complains spitefully to the Husbandman, when he passes by, that this faded Oake,

> "Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke,
> Whose naked Armes stretch unto the fyre,
> Unto such tyrannie doth aspire;
> Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
> And robbing me of the swete sonnes sight.
> So beate his old boughes my tender side,
> That oft the bloud springeth from woundes wyde."

And the Husbandman listens to the tale of the bragging Briar, and believes his words; home he hies him, and returns with his "harmefull Hatchet" in his hand, and he fells the noble Oake, to the ground:—

> "There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none
> Now stands the Brere like a lord alone."

But when winter comes, and its blustering winds beat upon the now shelterless bush :—

"Now 'gan he repent his pryde too late ;
For naked left and disconsolate,
The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
That nowe upright he can stand no more ;
And, being downe, is trodden in the durt
Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt."

Such is the tale of the Oake and the Briar, and equally picturesque is that of the Fox and the Kid, which comes at the end of the fifth Æglogue (May).

The subject of faithful and false pastors is discussed by two shepherds, Piers and Palinodie. The danger of yielding to false teachers is shown at the end by Piers in the tale of the Kidde who "was too very foolish and unwise," so that when her mother had left her alone in the house, with special warning against "the Foxe, maister of collusion" who has "voued thy last confusion,"

"Forthy, my Kiddie, be ruld by mee,
And never give trust to his trecheree :
And, if he chaunce come when I am abroade,
Sperre the yate fast for fear of fraude :
Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
Open the dore at his request."

So the mother goes her way, and soon the Foxe appears, disguised as a pedlar, and feigning sickness, with head and heel bound up, "for with great cold he had gotte the gout."

The poor Kid, falling a victim to the pedlar's arts and his own pity combined, soon unfastens the door, and lets his enemy into the room.

Then when the Kid is stooping over the big basket to find a bell which the Fox has purposely left there as a decoy,

> "He popt him in, and his basket did latch :
> Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
> But ranne awaye with him in all hast."

The whole story is described with a charming lightness of detail and event.

The April Æglogue is devoted, according to the custom of the day, to the "honor and prayse of our most gracious sovereigne, Queene Elizabeth," who is called throughout this poem Elysa.

Hobbinoll and Thenott, two shepherds, talk together, and Hobbinoll records a song which Colin Clout (Spenser) made sometime, in honour of the maiden Queen :—

> "See, where she sits upon the grassie greene
> (O seemly sight !)
> Yclad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
> And ermines white :

Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set:
Bay leaves between,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweete Violet.

"Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like Phœbe fayre?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
Her modest eye,
Her Majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there?"

There is something wonderful in the fashion of the time—even making allowance for a poet's metaphors—for so regarding the strong-willed and masterful daughter of Henry VIII.

"Her heavenly haveour," as far as her courtiers went, consisted in alternately kissing and tickling them, and boxing their ears; "her princely grace" was shown in language that would have done credit to an ale-house; and of her "modestie," little has been recorded.

With the publication of the "Shepherd's Calendar" Spenser leapt at once into public notice; he paid a visit to the uncle of his friend Sidney, the all-powerful Earl of Leicester, and in 1580 he was chosen by Lord Grey of Wilton to accompany him, as his secretary, to Ireland.

The "good Lord Grey," as Spenser fondly called him, had just been appointed "to fill that great place which," as Dean Church says, "had wrecked the reputation, and broken the hearts of a succession of able and high-spirited servants of the English Crown, the place of Lord-Deputy in Ireland."

Spenser describes him as "most gentle, affable, loving, and temperate; always known to be a most just, sincere, godly, and right noble man, far from sternness, far from unrighteousness." And yet, so curious was the view then held as to "temperate and godly" dealings on the part of English authorities towards rebellious vassals, that the admiring secretary goes on to tell how his "good lord was blotted with the name of a bloody man, who regarded not the life of the Queen's subjects no more than dogs, and had wasted and consumed all, so as now she had nothing almost left, but to reign in their ashes."

And yet in Ireland, this land of blood and misery, the rest of Edmund Spenser's life was almost entirely to be spent. And the influence of such a home, and of such an atmosphere as that in which he must have dwelt, is evident throughout his great work, the "Faerie Queene." His characters move no longer in "Eliza's blessed

fields," in "merry London," or "along the shore of silver-streaming Thames," but among lonely woods, and desolate places filled with evil and harmful men and beasts; there is "the darksome cave,"

> "On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
> Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
> Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
> And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle.
>
> And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
> Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
> Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees;
> On which had many wretches hanged beene,
> Whose carcases were scattered on the greene,
> And throwne about the cliffs."

An all too true picture this of what the poet was himself to see on many a day in the distressful country where his lot was now cast.

On the arrival of Lord Grey and his secretary, matters were at their worst. Smerwick, on the south-west coast of Kerry, had been fortified, and filled with men and stores by the united efforts of the Earl of Desmond, who was in open rebellion against the English, his allies from the Pope, and a dissatisfied band of Spanish and Italian adventurers. Then came the terrible struggle between the English and Irish forces, ending with such a scene at the taking of Smerwick as we can hardly bear now to picture; it was the fashion in

which war was waged at the time, but even in war such scenes are now unknown. Lord Grey, after the capture of Smerwick, ends his dispatch thus: "There were six hundred slain. . . . Those that I gave life unto, I have bestowed upon the captains and gentlemen whose service hath well deserved. . . . Of the six hundred slain, four hundred were as gallant and goodly personages as of any (soldiers) I ever beheld. So hath it pleased the Lord of Hosts to deliver your enemies into your Highnesse's hand, and so too as one only excepted, not one of yours is either lost or hurt."

Such was warfare in the country of Spenser's adoption, a country where, as Dean Church says, "the only law was disorder, and the only rule failure."

In crushing, for the time, Desmond's rebellion, the south and west of Munster were reduced to absolute desolation, and the land was apportioned to "undertakers"—as they were styled—who were to colonise it from England.

Among the list of these "undertakers" Spenser's name appears, and his home henceforward was Kilcolman Castle, beneath the Galtee Hills, in the north of County Cork. The house had once belonged to the ruined Earl of Desmond, as

the new occupant was one day to learn to his cost.

Spenser was made Clerk of Munster, and having no special opportunity of pushing his way in England, where poetry then by no means ensured a career to its author, he seems to have settled down contentedly to an Irish life ; he came to seek his fortune there, and, in a modified form, he found it. His life among the wild beauties of the Munster Hills, and the still wilder manners of their inhabitants, gave him perhaps a better opportunity for carrying on his great work of the "Faerie Queene" than he could ever have found amid the dazzle of pageant and the stir and intrigue of life at the Court of Elizabeth.

Be that as it may, it was under the shadow of the Galtee Mountains, in the Land of Brian Boru, and Malachy with his collar of gold, that the "Faerie Queene" grew into being.

The work, as originally planned, was to have consisted of twelve books, in the twelfth of which, Elizabeth, under the guise of the Faerie Queene, was to have appeared. But the whole was never written. Six books, and a fragment of the seventh, are all we possess, but they are enough to mark the place of Edmund Spenser throughout

all time as one among the greatest poets the world has seen.

It is to the worship of all that is true and beautiful and holy in life that the poem is dedicated. It is not well connected as a story, and the characters are faint and shadowy, but it is a wonderful picture of pure Christian knight-errantry riding upon its course through the darkest and most dangerous places of a troubled world, and the "light" always shining in the "darkness" much as that bright heaven-lit soul of Spenser's must have shone upon the sinful and sorrowful lives of the wild warriors among whom he lived. The first book contains the "Legend of the Red Cross Knight, or of Holinesse;" the second, of "Sir Guyon, or of Temperance;" the third, of "Britomart, or Chastity;" the fourth of "Cambel and Triamond, or Friendship;" the fifth is the "Legend of Artegall, or of Justice;" the sixth of "Sir Calidore, or of Courtesie;" and the cantos of the seventh which remain are on "Mutabelitie, under the Legend of Constance."

In a conversation between himself and some of his friends, while composing the "Faerie Queene," Spenser thus speaks of his conception, "To represent all the moral vertues, assigning to every

vertue a Knight to be the patron and defender of the same, in whose actions and feates of arms and chivalry the operations of that vertue, whereof he is the protector, are to be expressed, and the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves against the same, to be beaten down and overcome."

His work was intended, before all things, to instil into the minds of his readers a love of all that was noble and just. He was one of the great workers of the day. While Drake and Raleigh were venturing their lives in search of golden lands beyond the sea, while Bacon was toiling to open men's minds to the boundless stores of the New Philosophy, and while faithful seekers after truth among priests alike of the old and new Catholicism were willingly spending their lives and shedding their blood for the sake of bringing men nearer to God, so among the shelter of the Irish hills the "New Poet" worked with loving and almost inspired toil, to bring before men's eyes a picture of good conquering evil, and strength upholding weakness, in a more perfect form than English verse had ever yet seen.

In 1589 Sir Walter Raleigh was visiting his Irish home at Youghal, not very far distant from

Kilcolman, and thither he came, and there he read the early part of the "Faerie Queene," and he recognised its merits at once, and persuaded Spenser to take the first three books to England, where they were published early in the following year, and met with an enthusiastic reception. This visit, and Spenser's consequent return to Court, led to his writing the poem entitled "Colin Clout's come home again," Colin, as before, representing himself.

After the years spent in lawless Ireland, heartfelt must have been the words in which he describes the blissful state of England, as it seemed to him:—

"There all happie peace and plenteous store
Conspire in one to make contented blisse.
No wayling there nor wretchednesse is heard,
No bloodie issues nor no leprosies,
No griesly famine, nor no raging sweard,
No nightly bordrags"—(border-raids)—"nor no hue and cries;
The shepheards there abroad may safely lie
On hills and downes, withouten dread or daunger:
No ravenous wolves the good man's hope destroy
Nor outlawes fell affray the forest raunger.
There learned arts do florish in great honor,
And Poets wits are had in peerlesse price;
Religion hath lay powre to rest upon her,
Advancing vertue and suppressing vice.
For end, all good, all grace there freely growes,
Had people grace it gratefully to use."

He shows his obedience to the fashion of the time in his description of the charms of Elizabeth, then in her fifty-eighth year :—

> "But if I her like ought on earth might read,
> I would her lyken to a crowne of lillies,
> Upon a virgin brydes adorned head,
> With Roses dight and Goolds and Daffadillies.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> But vaine it is to thinke, by paragone
> Of earthly things, to judge of things divine :
> Her power, her mercy, her wisdome, none
> Can deeme, but who the Godhead can define."

To her he dedicated his "Faerie Queene" in what Dean Church calls "one of the boldest dedications ever penned," but one which "has proved a prophecy" :—

"TO THE MOST HIGH, MIGHTIE, AND MAGNIFICENT . . .

. . . ELIZABETH . . .

EDMUND SPENCER DOTH, IN ALL HUMILITIE, DEDICATE, PRESENT, AND CONSECRATE THESE HIS LABOURS, TO LIVE WITH THE ETERNITIE OF HER FAME."

In the brilliant atmosphere of the Court, amid its pleasures and its intrigues, which were new experiences in the poet's life, his next two years were spent, and some of his feelings on what he saw are told in the satirical poem he wrote at this time entitled, "Mother Hubberd's Tale of the Ape and the Fox."

There the wily ways of diplomacy are criticised, and the Churchmen, Peers, and a "rascall Commons," who all seem to him under the power of the "false Fox," who may easily stand for his life-long opponent Burghley.

But Court life was not to Spenser's mind, nor had he much to gain by prolonging his stay there. So he again crossed the stormy channel, beyond which lay the still more stormy island which was to be his home till death. On Midsummer Day, 1594, he took a wife from among the fair maids of Ireland. We know little of her but that she was called Elizabeth, and that she bore him two sons, whom he named Sylvanus and Peregrine.

The rest of his life was devoted to the work of the "Faerie Queene," and he returned no more to Court, but dwelt with his Irish bride in his castle of Kilcolman.

There his "Faerie Queene" grew in ever increasing beauty; the majesty and music of his verse were such as the English language had never hitherto known: in the "Faerie Queene" he invented the stanza, now called by his name, with the long rolling line at the end of each verse. He had a keener eye for beauty than is given to most men, he saw it everywhere, and he knew how to paint it in words which made others see it

too. The poem is not an easy one from which to quote, it must be read as a whole if one would understand its full beauty, and it is a strange mixture of religious fervour and classical and mediæval allusion: as in the beautiful stanzas in Book I. where the old man, Contemplation, leads the Red Cross Knight up into the Mountain which he compares first to Mount Olivet, and then, in the same verse, to Parnassus. But, in spite of this incongruity, he paints more fairly than had yet been done the picture of the New Jerusalem:—

"The new Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam,
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt."

"Like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adorned with fruitfull Olives all around,
Is, as it were, for endlesse memory
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowing girlond crownd:
Or like that pleasant Mount, that is for ay
Through famous Poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their heavenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay."

And so the poem rolls grandly on, stanza after stanza, in magnificent monotony, that reminds one, says Dean Church, "of the grand monotony of the

seashore, where billow follows billow. . . . and spreads and rushes up in a last long line of foam upon the beach."

The perfect knight of the poem may well be drawn from Sidney, with touches too of Raleigh, and of Spenser's own beloved master, Lord Grey ; the scenery and many of the scenes recall his wild Irish surroundings, and his wistful longing for pure religion shows his sympathy with the struggles of the Church.

Thus there is historic interest underlying the work, apart from its poetic beauty, which should lead it to be studied even by those who may not be born with power to catch its full music.

One would like to be able to picture the poet to the end, working out the great epic as he had planned it, in the lonely beauty of his Celtic home.

But each one who loves the "Faerie Queene" must create for himself those last scenes which the master's hand was never to depict. Kilcolman had been his home, but it was not to be his last resting-place.

Those to whom the castle had once belonged still harboured jealousy of the Saxon interloper ; in 1598 a fresh insurrection in Munster took place under the new Earl of Desmond, and the

castle of Kilcolman was plundered, and burned to the ground. According to the account of Ben Jonson, a tiny new-born child of Spenser's was burned within the ruins.

The poet and his wife fled to England ; but his spirit was gone, his heart was broken. He died in want and sorrow on January 16, 1599.

One more career blighted, one more heart broken, "one task more unfilled, one more foot-path untrod," by association with that land which seems to carry hidden among the beauties of its outward show a robe of Nessus dipped in poison more fatal to the Saxon knight than was ever that of the Centaur to Attic hero.

But of Spenser one cannot feel that the end clouded for long the glory of his memory. He lives, and will live always, in the stainless grandeur of his own Red Cross Knight, lighted by the soft radiance of his Faerie World in the land his fancy created for all time.

It is not as the tired wanderer, fleeing across the sea in fear of his life, and dying poor and broken-hearted in the London which no longer knew him as its own, that we think of such as Edmund Spenser, but rather we hear his voice, still echoing down the ages from his time to ours, in those grand words he wrote so near the end,

and which have the solemn majesty of prophecy about them :—

"Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more Change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie ;
For all that moveth doth in Change delight :
But thence-forth all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight :
O ! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabaoths sight."

CHAPTER XIII

MARLOWE

RATHER more than ten years after Spenser, was born Christopher Marlowe, the greatest of Shakspere's forerunners, who for the few short years of his life gave to the world dramatic work full of noble promise.

Kit Marlowe, as he was often called, was the son of John Marlowe, a shoemaker, and was born at Canterbury, where his mother's father was rector of St. Peter's Church. The boy was educated first at King's School, Canterbury, and later at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which was then Benet College, where he took his B.A. degree in 1583, and his M.A. in 1587.

It is probable that he was intended to follow the profession of his grandfather, and to become a clergyman, after receiving a classical training at the University, but as his character developed, it led him to follow a very different line of life.

He went to London, and there became one of a brilliant and dissipated band of young men, play-

wrights and actors, many of whom have left behind them valuable dramatic work. Thomas Kyd, Lyly, Peele and Greene were among the number, Sir Walter Raleigh was their friend, and all London was ready to appreciate their performances on the stage. Greene describes the wild life they led together, the mingling of good work with low company, which has always been the case with such men as Marlowe. At the time when Greene himself was "famoused for an arch play-making poet," his companions "were lightly the lewdest persons in the land, apt for pilfering, perjury, forgery, or any villainy, who," as he says, "came still to my lodging, and these would continue quaffing, carousing, and surfeiting with me all day long."

In such company Marlowe's life was spent, and to its character his premature death was due. Of the circumstances attending his end we know little, the bare fact remains that one of the most brilliant dramatic writers of the day, whose success seems to have been acknowledged by all his contemporaries, was killed in a drunken brawl at Deptford, in June 1593, before he had reached the age of thirty. His work has therefore the added interest of never having reached such a maturity as it might have done; we see the genius in what

remains, we can only imagine what might have been had he lived.

His work is almost entirely dramatic, and he appears to have taken part in the performance of his own plays.

Permanent theatres had lately begun to be erected ; the miracle and morality plays of earlier times, with their companies of strolling-players, had given place to more consecutive and historical pieces, and at first Lord Leicester and other great noblemen had been in the habit of supporting private dramatic companies.

The boys, or "children" as they were called, of the great schools in London, used to perform plays at certain times, and seemed formidable rivals to the older players.

Leicester, being all powerful with the Queen, obtained permission for his company of actors to perform inside the walls of London, but the corporation of the City was much against such performances, partly on account of the doubtful nature of many of the pieces acted, and partly because of the constant risk in contagion from the plague in such a close-packed and unwholesome atmosphere.

This led to the erection of certain play-houses or "theaters" outside the boundaries of the

London city walls, of which the first was called the "Theater," and was situated in Shoreditch; soon after its erection came others, the "Curtain," the "Rose," and the "Swan."

In these play-houses, with scanty scenery, often consisting merely of a sign-post bearing the name of the spot where the action was supposed to take place, without music, lights, or modern accessories, one may fancy the great men of the time, resting from their labour on land or sea, and watching the moving figures and listening to the thrilling words of the greatest dramas that England has ever produced.

Marlowe's work, although partly contemporary in point of time, essentially prefaces that of Shakspere. His plays are vivid, imaginative, and thrilling, but his work is not creative, and his characters lack life; there is a broad line between his work and that of the mighty dramatist whose figures live for evermore. Marlowe's personages, except the central figure in each drama, have little vitality, and he could never draw a woman.

But his work is powerful, rich, and vivid, and stands always secure in its place in the literature of his country, although somewhat overshadowed by the fame of his mighty successor.

His first play, "Tamburlaine," was drawn partly

from a Spanish source, and is the tale of a Scythian shepherd who rises by great and savage deeds to be lord over the Eastern World. He gives his own idea of the play in his *Prologue* to the First Part :—

"From jigging veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay,
We'll lead you to the stately tent of war,
Where you shall hear the Scythian Tamburlaine
Threatening the world with high astounding terms,
And scourging kingdoms with his conquering sword.
View but his picture in this tragic glass,
And then applaud his fortune as you please."

Tamburlaine's own figure stands out vividly in contrast to the shadowy description of most of the other characters in the play ; in appearance he is

"Of stature tall, and straightly fashionèd,
Like his desire, lift upward and divine ;
So large of limbs, his joints so strongly knit,
Such breadth of shoulders as might mainly bear
Old Atlas's burden ;—'twixt his manly pitch,
A pearl, more worth than all the world, is placed,
Wherein by curious sovereignity of art
Are fixed his piercing instruments of sight,
Whose fiery circles bear encompassèd
A heaven of heavenly bodies in their spheres,
That guides his steps and actions to the throne,
Where honour sits invested royally :
Pale of complexion, wrought in him with passion,
Thirsting with sovereignity and love of arms ;
His lofty brows in folds do figure death,

And in their smoothness, amity, and life;
About them hangs a note of amber hair,
Wrappèd in curls, as fierce Achilles was,
On which the breath of Heaven delights to play,
Making it dance with wanton majesty.—
His arms and fingers, long and sinewy,
Betokening valour and excess of strength;
In every part proportioned like the man
Should make the world subdued to Tamburlaine."

He goes on his victorious career, subduing the world before him; the Persian commander sent against him he persuades, apparently without difficulty, to fight on his side, and he conquers the Turkish Emperor, and all his forces. Bajazeth, his captive, he keeps, according to the custom of Louis XI., in an iron cage, which in this case seems to be portable, as the unfortunate Emperor is brought in to the banquet by slaves, and is taunted and mocked by Tamburlaine on refusing to take food like a beast through the bars of the cage.

Parts of the play are truely mediæval in the savage spirit they breathe, as in the scene when Bajazeth and his wife Zabina, unable to bear their sufferings longer, dash out their brains against the iron bars of the Emperor's prison.

Tamburlaine, like so many rude heroes of the time, has one soft spot in his fierce heart, and that is his love for his captive Egyptian bride,

Zenocrate, the daughter of the Soldan. He addresses her as

> "Zenocrate, the loveliest maid alive,
> Fairer than rocks of pearl and precious stone,
> The only paragon of Tamburlaine,
> Whose eyes are brighter than the lamps of Heaven,
> And speech more pleasant than sweet harmony!
> That with thy looks canst clear the darkened sky,
> And calm the rage of thundering Jupiter,
> Sit down by her, adornèd with my crown,
> As if thou wert the Empress of the world."

And all his honours, in true knightly style, he is ready to lay at her feet. The First Book ends with his speech to her, before their wedding, when he crowns her

> "Queen of Persia
> And all the kingdoms and dominions
> That late the power of Tamburlaine subdued."

In the Second Book they are married, and there is a vivid picture given of them with their three little sons, and of the boys' talk, and their father's answers. Tamburlaine's heart seems to have undergone no softening through age or the growth of paternal emotions; he angrily upbraids one of the boys who shows a less martial spirit than his brothers, and when he wishes to encourage the youngest, who, according to his mother, seems

somewhat precociously valiant, his early punishment of his fallen foe Bajazeth returns to his mind, and he promises the boy,

> "If thou wilt love the wars and follow me,
> Thou shalt be made a king, and reign with me,
> Keeping in iron cages emperors."

His wife seems somewhat weary of his martial prowess, and asks him :—

> "Sweet Tamburlaine, when wilt thou leave these arms,
> And save thy sacred person free from scathe,
> And dangerous chances of the wrathful war?"

But he answers her, much as warlike husbands in all ages have answered peace-loving wives :—

> "When Heaven shall cease to move on both the poles,
> And when the ground, whereon my soldiers march,
> Shall rise aloft and touch the hornèd moon,
> And not before, my sweet Zenocrate."

And his inborn love of war makes his dearest wish for his sons that they shall carry on his deeds of valour :—

> "When I am old" (he says), "and cannot manage arms,
> Be thou the scourge and terror of the world."

The most beautiful scene in the play is the death of Zenocrate, when Tamburlaine sits beside her bed, and the boys stand waiting with the

physicians, who can do no more to arrest the advance of the one foe against whom the mighty Scythian warrior is powerless.

His love for his dying wife seems to enable Tamburlaine to realise for one moment a higher bliss than that which he has hitherto craved ; he seems to go a little way in spirit with her, and to see where "walk the angels on the walls of Heaven ;" and as his passionate love follows her there, he cries to all the glories of that blessed land,

> "The chrystal streams, whose taste illuminates
> Refinèd eyes with an eternal sight,
> Like trièd silver, run through Paradise,
> To entertain divine Zenocrate.
> The cherubims and holy seraphims,
> That sing and play before the King of Kings,
> Use all their voices and their instruments
> To entertain divine Zenocrate.
> And in this sweet and curious harmony,
> The God that tunes this music to our souls,
> Holds out his hand in highest majesty
> To entertain divine Zenocrate."

As a farewell to the dying it would be hard to surpass these lines in their wailing pathos and beauty. Zenocrate dies, and with her much of the interest of the play, which runs its course of savage war and bloodshed, until the conquering chief rejoins the wife whose body he has kept embalmed at his side, and he quits

the stage of life with the somewhat arrogant words—

"For Tamburlaine, the scourge of God, must die."

Marlowe's next dramatic work is perhaps his most popular.

"The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus" is founded on the old legend of the man who sells his soul to the Prince of Darkness. A certain Dr. Faustus, who studied at various German universities in the beginning of the sixteenth century, had dealt in necromancy, and the legend became gradually identified with him, so that Marlowe adopted his name for the hero of the new play.

The fascination of the subject, and the skill and power with which it was worked out, brought the play instant popularity on the stage. The part of Dr. Faustus was taken by Alleyn, the great tragic actor of the day, who had also played the part of Tamburlaine.

The scene opens with an explanatory chorus, and then Faustus appears alone in his study, and in a fine soliloquy mourns the limits of the knowledge to which he has been able to attain even after a life spent in intellectual labour.

And it is for "infinite knowledge" that he agrees

to sell his soul to Mephistopheles, servant of Lucifer, Prince of Darkness.

There is a magnificent piece of dialogue between Dr. Faustus and Mephistopheles, in which the lost spirit seems always trying to prevent another from suffering his own awful fate.

"Tell me," asks Faustus, "what is that Lucifer, thy lord?"
Meph. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.
Faust. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?
Meph. Yes, Faustus and most dearly loved of God.
Faust. How comes it then that he is Prince of devils?
Meph. O, by aspiring pride and insolence;
For which God threw him from the face of Heaven.

They talk awhile, then Faustus is left alone. Later on, Good and Evil Angels come to him, and each gives him counsel as to whether or no he should make the proposed bargain.

"Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven, and heavenly things,"

entreats the Good Angel, but at his ear the Evil Angel tempts him—

"No, Faustus, think of honour and of wealth."

The Evil Angel triumphs, Mephistopheles returns, and the agreement is made.

Faustus is to have twenty-four years of life, with infinite knowledge, and then he is to become the property, body and soul, of Lucifer, the Prince of Darkness.

The compact is ratified in a legal document which Faustus reads aloud, and which ends with the awful words :—

"I, John Faustus, . . . do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistopheles : and furthermore grant unto them, that twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, JOHN FAUSTUS."

The knowledge for which the unhappy man has paid so dearly is his ; all his questions are answered, all his wishes fulfilled, and Mephistopheles becomes for the time his servant. But with the return of the Good Angel comes horror at his own act, and his agonised cry

> "Ah, Christ my Saviour,
> Seek to save distressèd Faustus's soul!"

Then Lucifer himself appears for the first time, and answers his cry with the terrible words :—

> "Christ cannot save thy soul, for He is just ;
> There's none but I have interest in the same."

Next enter the seven deadly sins, and Faustus receives the knowledge for which he has bartered

all, and shows his power before the Emperor at the banquet, making Alexander the Great and other departed spirits appear at his call as if by magic.

The story runs on, and the awful end looms gradually nearer, till in scene xiii. it is prefaced by Wagner, Faustus's servant, in the homely words :—

> "I think my master shortly means to die,
> For he hath given to me all his goods."

Faustus receives one last exhortation to repentance, even at this hour, from an old man who enters in scene xiv., and urges him to seek peace in words of simple pathos and beauty :—

> "Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I might prevail
> To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
> By which sweet path thou may'st attain the goal
> That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
> Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it with tears,
> Tears falling from repentant heaviness
> Of . . . .
> . . . . crimes of heinous sins
> As no commiseration may expel,
> But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,
> Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt."

But his words avail nothing, and the shadow of doom draws still nearer.

There is a last scene with his scholar friends, who stay with him until one hour before mid-

night, at which time his fate is to be decided; they leave him with words of sorrowful farewell:—

> "Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee."

And he is left alone, with "one bare hour to live."

His last soliloquy is too terrible to quote; he realises too late what he has done, and that he has brought the doom upon himself. The clock strikes twelve, and Lucifer and his attendants rush in and bear him away; and in the pathetic words of the final chorus:—

> "Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
> And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,
> That sometimes grew within this learned man.
> Faustus is gone."

It was no wonder that such a play, so finely worked out, and dealing with so heart-rending a theme, should have at once captured the attention of the Elizabethan stage.

In "The Jew of Malta," Marlowe's next work, we have an entirely different story. Perhaps the most interesting feature in the play to modern readers is the fact that Shakspere's Shylock was probably drawn from the Jew Barabas.

Barabas's love of his wealth is even more of a passion than was that of Shylock for his, but

Barabas is something beyond a mere miser, his love for his wealth, his

"Bags of fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
And seld-seen [seldom seen] costly stones of so great price,"

becomes at times a feeling so exalted that he sees in his jewels,

"Infinite riches in a little room;"

so he speaks, in the soliloquy in his counting-house with which the play opens.

His merchant friends come in and tell him of the safe arrival of his ships:—

"Laden with riches, and exceeding store
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl,"

and his satisfaction seems complete.

Then comes the news that the whole of his dearly-prized wealth is to be snatched from him, confiscated by the Governor of Malta to pay a Turkish tribute, which there is no other means of raising.

The wailing cry of the persecuted Jew, which through all ages has thrilled men's hearts in Shylock's words, is heard in the simple question

"Will you then steal my goods?
Is theft the ground of your religion?"

And Ferneze, the Governor, answers :—

"No, Jew, we take particularly thine,
To save the ruin of a multitude :
And better one want for the common good,
Than many perish for a private man :
Yet, Barabas, we will not banish thee,
But here, in Malta, where thou got'st thy wealth,
Live still ; and if thou canst, get more."

This speech fairly represents the attitude of a kind-hearted official of the day in dealing with a Jew of wealth ; and Barabas replies hopelessly :—

"Christians, what or how can I multiply ?
Of naught is nothing made."

The officers come in and announce :—

"We have seized upon the goods
And wares of Barabas, which being valued,
Amount to more than all the wealth in Malta."

And Barabas cries bitterly to the Governor :—

"Well, then, my lord, say, are you satisfied ?
You have my goods, my money, and my wealth,
My ships, my store, and all that I enjoy'd ;
And, having all, you can request no more ;
Unless your unrelenting flinty hearts
Suppress all pity in your stony breasts,
And now shall move you to bereave my life."

But Ferneze, strong in the aversion of the day to the success not so much of the unbeliever in

Christianity, as of the prosperous foreign financier, answers virtuously :—

> "No, Barabas, to stain our hands with blood
> Is far from us and our profession."

To which the Jew makes the somewhat pertinent reply :—

> "Why, I esteem the injury far less
> To take the lives of miserable men
> Than be the causers of their misery.
> You have my wealth, the labour of my life,
> The comfort of mine age, my children's hope,
> And therefore ne'er distinguish of the wrong."

But his words avail nothing, and his money is taken to pay the Turkish tribute.

His daughter Abigail, who is a far more dutiful child to him than is ever Jessica to Shylock, comes and tells him that his house has been turned into a nunnery, and this gives him an opportunity of recovering part of his lost wealth.

Some of his treasure is hidden in the house, and he persuades Abigail to offer herself to the Lady Abbess as a nun, in order to gain access to the money ; and on an appointed night, she is to throw down his beloved bags of gold to him from an upper window. The scene in which she parts from him to go with the Abbess and the Friar is excellent, Barabas alternately reviling her aloud

for being "amongst these hateful Christians," and whispering to her to

> "Think upon the jewels and the gold."

And to remember that

> "The board is markèd thus that covers it."

The plan is carried out, and in the first scene of Act II. Abigail appears at the window, and calls to her father waiting below :—

> "Here behold, unseen, where I have found
> The gold, the pearls, and jewels."

His excited exclamations of satisfaction both at regaining his money and at the filial behaviour of his daughter, again recall Shylock strongly to our minds.

Abigail throws down the bags, and calls to him :—

> "Here, hast thou't?
> There's more, and more, and more."

And he cries :—

> "O my girl,
> My gold, my fortune, my felicity!
> Strength to my soul, death to mine enemy!
> Welcome the first beginner of my bliss!
> O Abigail, Abigail, that I had thee here too!
> Then my desires were fully satisfied;
> But I will practise thy enlargement thence:
> O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss!"

And so his daughter leaves him, hugging to his breast his rescued bags of treasure.

The rest of the play is far inferior in interest to these early scenes. Abigail falls in love with a Christian, but Barabas's paternal gratitude for her recovery of his gold is not sufficiently strong to enable him to tolerate the idea of a Christian son-in-law, so he compasses the death of the unfortunate lover, and Abigail returns to the convent, and becomes a nun in reality.

The end of the plot, by which Barabas becomes the means of his own destruction, is ingenious, but there is little of general interest in the later scenes, and the very fact of Barabas being so like Shylock only makes the contrast more marked between the working out of the two stories.

The play of "Edward II.," which was Marlowe's last complete drama, shows a marked advance in power of construction on his previous work.

In both Tamburlaine and Faustus the interest centred round one figure, leaving the other characters little more than shadowy forms.

In "Edward II." there are other figures well defined besides that of the unfortunate hero; Gaveston, Mortimer, and the Queen, who is Marlowe's best drawn woman, all move across the stage in a life-like manner.

The play deals with the historical facts of the reign of the unhappy Edward, and ends with his murder in Berkeley Castle.

His infatuation for Gaveston is well drawn, and the anger and contempt which it excites in the ambitious mind of the Queen.

> "In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
> Whose eyes are fixed on none but Gaveston.
> Yet once more I'll importune him with prayer:
> If he be strange and not regard my words,
> My son and I will over into France,
> And to the King my brother there complain,
> How Gaveston hath robbed me of his love:
> But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
> And Gaveston this blessèd day be slain."

And the favourite too, with his foreign airs and graces, his "short Italian hooded cloak loaded with pearl," and his "Tuscan cap" containing "a jewel of more value than the crown," is drawn with masterly insight. The play follows the historical course of events: Gaveston is sentenced to death on the block, and his place in the King's affections is given to Despenser, or Spencer, as Marlowe calls him.

Mortimer's rise in power is well described, until, to use his own words—

> "The prince I rule, the queen do I command,
> And with a lowly conjé to the ground
> The proudest lords salute me as I pass;
> I seal, I cancel, I do what I will."

The horrible murder in the lonely castle among the Gloucestershire hills is accomplished, and is afterwards avenged by the young Prince Edward, who orders Mortimer to suffer the just punishment of his crimes.

And the Earl meets his fate with the same jaunty courage—if we may use such an expression —that so many courtiers of the time had the opportunity of exhibiting.

His last speech rolls forth in some of the finest lines Marlowe ever penned—

> "Base Fortune, now I see that in thy wheel
> There is a point, to which when men aspire
> They tumble headlong down: that point I touched,
> And seeing there was no place to mount up higher,
> Why should I grieve at my declining fall?
> Farewell, fair Queen; weep not for Mortimer,
> That scorns the world, and, as a traveller,
> Goes to discover countries yet unknown."

"Edward II." was almost the last of Marlowe's works, as in construction and melody it was certainly his finest.

In the "Massacre of Paris" he dealt with the terrible "Eve of St. Bartholmew"—still fresh in men's minds—and in "Hero and Leander" he produced an unfinished but fine narrative poem; his work showed such rapid advance and improvement as made its premature end the more to be deplored.

It is pleasanter to picture him in his work than in his life, to see him drawing with a master hand such figures as Tamburlaine, Faustus, and Gaveston, and planning for the future even more perfect dramatic work; and it is sad to think that such a future was never realised. The end came to those great Elizabethan figures in many different forms, and with varying tragedy, but perhaps in all that it implies, more really tragic than hasty burial beneath far-off Western waters, than death on a foreign battlefield, or even on an English scaffold, is the end of the brilliant dramatist, Christopher Marlowe, done to death by a ruffianly associate in a drunken tavern brawl.

CHAPTER XIV

SHAKSPERE

At first sight it seems strange that while the lives of so many of his contemporaries should lie open to the gaze of all, that of Shakspere himself should be wrapped in such dim shadows. But perhaps this is best: his world is that of his own creation; there figures move and speak with gestures and words so instinct with human vitality, that we lose all sense of their being creations of his brain. His work is, as it were, a dream so vivid and so beautiful, that we put the thought of the dreamer out of sight, lest we lose the sense of the reality of the dream.

With most men it is interesting to study the steps by which their experience in life was gained, to know their surroundings, their worldly difficulties and successes, but one hardly feels this with the giant form of Shakspere.

> "Others abide our question. Thou art free.
> We ask and ask.—Thou smilest and art still,
> Out-topping knowledge."
>
> . . . . . .

"Thou, who did'st the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Did'st stand on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow."

And in spite of the loving toil which many great men have given to the study of his life, he still stands "on earth unguess'd at."

Of his parentage, home, and surroundings we know something, of himself hardly anything but that which can be drawn from these, and from his works.

William Shakspere was the son of John Shakspere, a well-to-do trader in corn, wool, meat, and skins. He has been called at one time a glover, and at another a butcher, and also a husbandman from the share he took in the family farm at Snitterfield, in Warwickshire.

In 1551 John Shakspere moved to Stratford-on-Avon, and there in the little wood-gabled house, near where the beautiful church keeps watch above the Avon, and surrounded by the green fields of Warwickshire, the greatest Englishman was born.

He was baptized in the parish church on April 26th, 1564; his mother was Mary, the daughter of a small Warwickshire landowner, Robert Arden,

and William was her third child; her two little daughters, Joan and Margaret, had both been christened in Stratford church, but both died in infancy.

Later on, several more children were born to the Shaksperes, three sons and two daughters, who all lived to grow up, except one little girl. The four brothers all went to the grammar school of the town, where they were entitled to a free education as soon as they had learned to read, and where they were taught English and Latin according to the fashion of the day, and possibly Greek. John Shakspere's income did not increase as time went on, and he was obliged to remove his promising eldest son from school, and he probably took him, for a time at least, to assist in his own business.

But, genius though he was, William Shakspere did no more to ease the burden on his father's shoulders than many a commonplace son has done since his time; on the contrary, at the age of eighteen and a half he married "the daughter," says Rowe, "of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford."

All visitors to the pretty Warwickshire town will remember the field-path that leads over the

meadows to where "Anne Hathaway's cottage" stands, and to which so many guides are eager to conduct the wandering Shaksperian student.

Anne Hathaway was eight years older than her husband, and the bond of affection between them does not appear to have been strong.

Three children were born, a daughter, Susanna, in the first year of their marriage, and twins two years later, who were baptized as Hamnet and Judith in the parish church on February 2nd, 1585. It seems to have been shortly after their birth that Shakspere left his family and went to London—the magnet then, as now, for all great and discontented spirits.

Rowe, writing in 1709, says that the immediate reason of Shakspere's departure was a poaching affray in which he was concerned. "He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company, and, among them, some, that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him with them more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him, and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost,

yet it is said to have been so very bitter that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree that he was obliged to leave his business and friends in Warwickshire and shelter himself in London." Well can we imagine the anger of the slow-witted Midland squire at being subjected to the scathing wit of the poaching-poet!

So to London Shakspere went, and was soon incorporated into one of the theatrical companies lately formed, probably that belonging to the Earl of Leicester, and there he filled at first but the humble rôle of prompter's attendant, or call-boy. Jonson writes of him that his "first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those that had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance."

London has seen great changes, but perhaps none greater than the contrast between the crowds which now patiently throng the streets waiting for the performance of "Twelfth Night" or "The Merchant of Venice," where once the author, an unknown homeless wanderer, earned the price of his next meal by holding a gentleman's horse!

Although his writings soon brought him widespread fame, Shakspere kept to the profession of an actor almost until his death, and travelled pro-

bably with his company through a large part of England. The London theatrical companies of his day were accustomed to go "on tour" just as they do now, and rich material for his work must he have found while journeying from town to town and county to county.

As a boy he had probably seen some of the Morality Plays performed in Warwickshire, and when in the summer of 1575 all the countryside gathered to behold the pageants given at Kenilworth in honour of the Queen's visit to Leicester, it is not unlikely that the schoolboy may have caught the infection and trudged to see the show, over the fifteen miles that separated Kenilworth from Stratford.

Unlike many men of genius he had not to struggle long for worldly success: within ten years of his departure from Stratford he was being petitioned thence for help in local difficulties, as a man of assured wealth and position; and his friendship, at first that of a suitor to a patron, with the young Lord Southampton, in whom some have seen the *Will* of his Sonnets, seems to date from this period, when he had special leisure for writing, as the London theatres were closed on account of an outbreak of the plague.

His literary work seems to have occupied little

more than twenty years, but in it he has left us literature for a lifetime.

In 1601 his father died, and Shakspere inherited the Stratford house in Henley Street, in which he had been born, and also the one adjoining it; and in the following year he purchased for the sum of £320 one hundred and seven acres of arable land in the parish of Old Stratford, and also a cottage close by, with two orchards, gardens, and barns. His home still seems to have been in London, but he paid visits to his native place from time to time, where it seemed his ambition was one day to hold a place among the landed gentry.

Little did he dream of the place he was to hold among all nations and for all time!

In 1607 his daughter Susanna married a well-to-do Stratford doctor, and in the next year the sorrow of his mother's death came upon him. It must have been shortly after this that he returned to live at Stratford among his old friends, and though he did not sever his connection with London, his home was henceforth in the little town among the meadows of Warwickshire.

At Stratford he had been born, and at Stratford he died, on Tuesday, April 23rd, 1616, at the age of fifty-two. He was buried in the chancel of the fine old parish church, and on

the flat stone above his grave were carved the words :—

> " Good friend, for Jesu's sake forbeare
> To dig the dust enclosed heare ;
> Bleste be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones."

The rough lines, which have been ascribed to Shakspere himself, have served to keep his grave from sacrilege, and " they still hedge with a peculiarly solemn awe the modest sepulchre that holds the precious dust of England's 'Star of Poets.'"

Unlike the other great men of his time, his life was one of steadily increasing prosperity, and he died the death of a respectable and lamented citizen.

He who could paint tragedy as no Englishman has done before or since, seems to have lived the one comparatively uneventful life among his great contemporaries ; his greatness lies in what he *was*, not in what he *did*. He needed no personal experiences from which to draw the figures or passions of his plays ; to his vast intellect and creative power outward impressions were unnecessary ; while he pursued the ordinary routine of his life his mind moved in a world of its own, and of that world he has left us the picture complete : there move figures, seen through the mists

of more than four hundred years, as life-like still, as real and as fascinating as are any of the statesmen, knights, or ladies, any of the explorers by sea or land of the great Elizabethan Age.

To deal with Shakspere's plays and poems is the task of wise and learned men who have given their lives to the study of his works; it seems almost impertinent to attempt to touch upon them at all in such pages as these. But for the sake of young students who are beginning to open the vast treasure-house of his knowledge, it may be helpful to put clearly some of the divisions by which his work has been classified; and for our own sake perhaps we may be allowed to linger for a moment in that world of ever-living charm, and to touch once more with a loving hand old friends who have grown up with us from childhood, to listen again to Falstaff's cheery mirth, or Shylock's broken-hearted cry, to the battle sounds round Hotspur and Prince Hal, the dainty fun in the warm, sweet Midsummer Night, or the wit and brilliancy of such women as no man else has ever drawn, Portia, Rosalind, and Beatrice.

Shakspere's plays have been divided by Professor Dowden into four periods, the first of which contains his Early Comedies, Early History, and Early Tragedy.

In 1590 was written "Love's Labour's Lost," which was followed in the two succeeding years by the "Comedy of Errors," and the "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and about 1593 by "Midsummer Night's Dream." In it he created a fairy world peopled with figures of fantastic grace and beauty, and in Titania, the Fairy Queen, may be one more compliment paid to the Virgin Queen of England; Puck plays his pranks, and Oberon holds sway over his fairy kingdom in a wonderful world of mingled fancy and reality. And in contrast to this is the delightful comedy of the acting by Bottom, Quince, and their friends, beginning with their preparations for it in Quince's house, when he produces a "scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and duchess on his wedding-day at night." He calls the roll, and the company answer to their names, and have their parts assigned to them, with suggestions as to how to play them, ending with Snug, the joiner, who is to personate the lion.

Says Snug: "Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study."

And Quince allows: "You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring."

At which Bottom, who is to be the hero Pyramus, entreats: "Let me play the lion, too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, 'Let him roar again, let him roar again.'"

And in the performance, lest the gentle ladies be frightened, Snug announces himself by name before beginning upon the well-rehearsed roaring.

The two Historical Plays which belong to this First Period of Shakspere's work, are "Henry VI." and "Richard III.," and then comes, probably his earliest tragedy, "Romeo and Juliet."

This was founded on an Italian story, which had already been reproduced both in French and English before it was touched by the master hand of Shakspere, and through him rendered immortal. The play was published in quarto, in 1597, "as it hath been often (with great applause) plaid publiquely by the right Honourable L[ord] of Hunsdon, his servants."

The tale is fascinating from the first, and it runs its tragic course within the space of a few days. The unhappy young lovers, children of rival houses, meet on Sunday, are made one by marriage on Monday, and parted on Tuesday, to be re-united only in death on the evening of Thursday.

The Third Period of Shakspere's work is the

largest, and begins with the Middle History Plays, "Richard II." and "King John"; then comes Middle Comedy in "The Merchant of Venice," and then Later History in "Henry IV." and "Henry V.," and Later Comedy in the "Taming of the Shrew" and the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Then follow two further groups, one romantic and one serious; the first contains "Much Ado About Nothing," "As You Like It," and "Twelfth Night," the second, "All's Well That Ends Well," "Measure for Measure," and "Troilus and Cressida." Here, according to Professor Dowden, ends the Third Period of the great dramatist's work.

For interest in plot and characters few plays can equal "The Merchant of Venice," and we have only to study it side by side with Marlowe's "Jew of Malta" to fully realise the vast genius of the one author compared with the ability of the other.

The whole story hangs together, and the interest never flags as it does so soon in the earlier play, and though Shylock's character is more minutely drawn than is that of Barabas, the interest of the story by no means depends on it as does that of Marlowe's play on his Jew.

In his insistence on the repayment of his bond from Antonio, Shylock is the typical Jew

usurer of the Middle Ages, hard, merciless, and grasping—

> "I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
> I'll have my bond, and therefore speak no more.
> I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
> To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
> To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
> I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond."

But he rises above the character of a clever grasping usurer in his magnificent speech in Act III., and seems for a moment to become the spokesman of the whole trampled Hebrew race.

"I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?"

And on this very similarity he bases his plea for revenge.

"If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge."

This speech, written when it was, shows how marvellously Shakspere's mind rose above the conventions of his age.

The story of the opening of the three caskets, by which Portia's lovers are to be tried, is told with charming detail. First comes the Prince of Morocco, and unlocks the golden casket, only to read within that

"All that glisters is not gold."

Then the Prince of Arragon chooses the silver casket, and sees

"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."

And last comes her true love, Bassanio, and taking the leaden casket, finds Portia's portrait within it, and, according to the will of her father, takes her for his bride.

The wonderful creation of Falstaff, the fat knight, runs through several of the Historical Plays, and he and the wild Prince Hal at first play their pranks together: their friendship is such that Falstaff before the battle of Shrewsbury entreats the Prince—

"Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship." To which the Prince answers—

"Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell."

And when Douglas attempts single combat with Falstaff, near the end of the battle, the valiant fat knight settles the matter by feigning death, and only comes to life again in time to bear off Hotspur's body when the coast is clear of foes.

Hotspur has fallen in combat with Prince Hal, and dies, lamenting not his loss of life, but that he has been conquered.

"O Harry! thou hast robbed me of my youth.
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh."

In the "Taming of the Shrew" we have the reduction to order of a shrewish wife by a clever husband, who feigns to have a temper even more violent than her own, but though Katherine and Petruchio are an amusing couple with whom to spend some hours, they are not the fascinating pair of lovers that we find in Beatrice and Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing." He is exactly the cynical modern man of fashion, and she the smart, clever, taking girl, who has won men's hearts, in spite of themselves, in every age.

"At first I noted her not," says Benedick, in answer to his friend Claudio's question, "but I

looked on her," and Beatrice describes him contemptuously as "evermore tattling."

And their conversation for some time is in the same strain as that of the dialogue when she goes to call him, and tells him that—

"Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner."

And he answers mockingly—

"Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains."

"I took no more pains for those thanks than you take pains to thank me: if it had been painful, I would not have come."

"You take pleasure, then, in the message?" asks he, and she indignantly asserts—

"Yes, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choke a daw withal."

Much ado about nothing is made throughout their wooing, as throughout all else in the play, and even their final words to each other are spoken in irony, when he tells her, "Come, I will have thee; but by this light, I take thee for pity."

And she, chiming in with this mood, answers, "I would not deny you; but, by this good day, I yield upon great persuasion, and partly to save your life, for I was told you were in a consumption."

After "Much Ado About Nothing" came the wonderful woodland romance, "As You Like It,"

where the melancholy Jaques wanders through the forest of Arden, and explains his own heaviness of heart to Rosalind as being "a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels; which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness."

In "Twelfth Night," which followed "As You Like It," there is the ever fresh comedy of Malvolio, Olivia's steward, trying to woo her in his yellow stockings and his cross garters, and of the comically disreputable pair, Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek.

The Third Period deals entirely with Tragedy; Professor Dowden divides it into Middle and Later Tragedy. To the first belong "Julius Cæsar" and "Hamlet," and to the last "Othello," "King Lear," "Macbeth," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Coriolanus," and "Timon of Athens."

In Othello we see again, as in the case of Shylock, the genius of Shakspere rising above the inborn prejudices even of race and colour.

Our hearts go out to the great, brave, dull Moor, whose passionate love for his wife leads through its blind jealousy to her destruction and his own.

And surely no bad man was ever drawn with more merciless truth than Iago, the villain of the

play, the destroyer of the Moor's home and happiness? Nor have words of more tragic pathos been ever uttered than those of Othello's last speeches, when by the bedside of his young wife, slain by his own hand, he bids his friends

> "Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;
> Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
> And very sea-mark of my utmost sail."

And then to Desdemona—

> "O ill-starr'd wench!
> Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,
> This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
> And fiends will snatch at it."

And just before he stabs himself with his own ill-fated dagger, he gives the explanation of his conduct, pathetic in its simplicity, when he bids them write of him as

> "Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;
> Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought,
> Perplex'd in the extreme."

The darkness is almost unrelieved in this and in the two following plays, the terrible story of Lear, King of Britain, and his three daughters, and the stirring Scotch tragedy of Macbeth. Surely no worldly woman has ever been described as vividly as is Lady Macbeth! We see her constantly at her husband's side, ready to urge him up the ladder of ambition, and heedless of the blood that

stains his footsteps, until that last weird scene when she walks in her sleep, and betrays to those who watch that—

> "Here's the smell of blood still; all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand."

It is with relief we feel that Shakspere's last work dealt more brightly and more tenderly with life.

To the Fourth Period belong "Pericles," "Cymbeline," "The Tempest," and the "Winter's Tale," and in "The Tempest" specially shine out the kindly humour, the soft grace and dignity, that seem to best befit the evening work of the mighty dramatist.

The wise Prospero and his loving daughter Miranda in their home upon the lonely island, the gentle sprite Ariel who ministers to Prospero's wants, and the brave young lover Ferdinand, all go to make up a world of enchantment which is so pleasant that one hesitates to leave the island where it holds sway.

There is about Shakspere's figures a reality which makes it difficult to believe that they did not all live and love, grow merry and sad, fight, struggle, and die among the Sidneys and Raleighs, the Bacons and Spensers "whose times were one" with theirs, and who hardly seem to us more real.

The Age of Shakspeare and of Elizabeth was

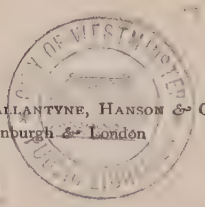
great in every way; men's minds were stirred and their hearts thrilled by years of religious fervour and persecution, they were learning to think and act for themselves, and most men longed to take their part in the fuller larger life that had begun.

So while some laboured at home to fill the land, if possible, with "pure religion and undefiled," others sailed into the West to find the far-off El Dorado, or among the ice and snow of the Northern Coasts they knelt and prayed to God for guidance in their perilous undertaking. Statesmen toiled, and learned men gave willingly of their learning, that England might grow and prosper both in the Old World and the New.

Statesman, soldier, priest, and adventurer, each did his part and went his way, leaving his work to be perfected by those who came after him: and among them all moves the one alone whose work has needed no after touch, who seemed to gather up within his giant grasp all that was worthiest in his Age. Love, honour, and tenderness, quaint humour, and a wealth of human sympathy, beauty and grace in woman, honour and nobility in man, all these shine for ever from the pages of Shakspere, and nowhere can we see a clearer picture of the Age in which he lived.

There move wise and wily statesmen, chivalrous soldiers, fair and gracious ladies, bold adventurers, instinct with life and feeling, as in the England of his day; and there too is drawn, as nowhere else, the darker side of the picture. Bloodshed, intrigue, folly, and deceit hold their sway, and bring sorrow and disaster in their train; but in Shakspere's working out of the problems of life there is never the least wavering of moral justice: he sees the evil, he paints the villain with the master hand of genius, but crime has no artistic beauty in his eyes.

Among the great figures in the Elizabethan Age many stand alone, but he stands alone for all time; Bacon's philosophy has been developed, Raleigh's New World has been explored, Franklin has followed in Davis's wake, and on South African battlefields the chivalry of Sidney has shone again, but Shakspere lived but once, and his mantle has fallen on no successor.



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